UN: THE FOUR POWERS ANNE TUCKERMAN

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# THE NATION

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## Watershed of Politics

## A DEMOCRAT SPEAKS TO THE QUESTION
JESSE UNRUH

## Ripon: Left Spur to the GOP
HAROLD L. REITER

## The 'Kaffeeklatsch' Constituency
FLOYD McKAY

*Blacks on Campus*

## ANGRY and ALONE TOGETHER KENNETH G. GROSS

## *Tropbanana Country* EMILE CAPOUYA

## *'Thinking About Women'* GEORGE STADE

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# LETTERS

## market fallacy

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: In dissecting his "Five Myths of Consumership" [*The Nation*, Jan. 20], Dallas Smythe has unwittingly propagated a sixth. "Without the marketing services of the communications media," he says, "the consumer goods industries . . . could not dispose of their mass-produced products." This rests on the unstated assumption that people consume chiefly because they are told to.

Suppose the detergent industry ceased to advertise—would American housewives cease washing clothes? . . . At my own rough estimate, three-quarters of *national* consumer advertising, (i.e., excluding the special case of local store ads) is altogether irrelevant to the operations of any consumer *industry*. Its aim is not to market goods as such but to sell the goods of Company A rather than the substantially identical products of Companies B, C or D. Without it, the industry as a whole would continue to operate, though the sales ratios of individual firms might change.

The remainder of the national advertising budget does, in a sense, perform a necessary marketing function in that it deals with *new* products. . . . But even here we do well to remind ourselves of the many cases in which the "newness" is substantially fictitious, being a matter of packaging, the addition of some spurious "miracle ingredient" and the like. . . . Mass marketing—i.e., advertising through the mass media—is in no sense a necessary concomitant of mass production. . . . *Robert Claiborne*

## decades and centuries

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

DEAR SIRS: Thirty years may not be too far in advance to straighten out a matter that took quite an irrational beating, according to commentators and pundits of the time, in A.D. 1900:

Despite crackpot reasoning, the year 1900 was the last year of the 19th century and the year 1901 was the first year of the 20th century. A century just ain't a century until you've stashed away a full 100 years. . . .

Your editorial, "The Moon Will Wait" [Jan. 13], discussing a prevailing itch to achieve a moon landing "before the end of the decade," interprets this as getting the job done by January 1, 1970. The year 1970, good sirs, is the last year of the seventh decade of the 20th century; the next decade begins on January 1, 1971.

And it follows that midnight on December 31, 2000, will be the moment for kissing off the 20th century with horns, rockets and fireworks. Can't we have a ruling on this, once and for all? Maybe the U.S. Supreme Court should tackle it. . . . *Howard Cushman*

## no cure

*San Jose, Calif.*

DEAR SIRS: President Nixon's advocacy of "black capitalism" reminds me of a certain religious testimonial meeting in rural Alabama many years ago. After several of the brothers and sisters had risen and told what the Lord had done for them, a young paraplegic pulled and pushed himself up and said: "Brothers and sisters, everybody can *see* what the Lord has done for me."

Likewise, all the black brothers and sisters can *see* what "white capitalism" has done for the many millions of whites still trapped in the poverty pit—as well as for the bulk of the blacks. Assuming the establishment of black capitalism in the ghettos, there is no reason to believe that it would be any more responsive to black poverty than white capitalism is to white poverty. . . . *Bryan Fulks*

# EDITORIALS

## Which Way the Parties?

No sooner was the new Congress in session than speculation began: will Nixon be a one-term President or, perhaps, a trend-setter? Was 1968 just another election, or a "watershed" election, a breakthrough of the kind that ushers in a new political cycle? It is too early to draw conclusions but many analysts agree that the 1968 election may well belong in the latter category.

Some Democrats seem to think so. The party, as Jesse Unruh, one of its most experienced and knowledgeable tacticians points out in this issue (p. 199), is in more trouble than most of its partisans acknowledge. True, elements of the New Deal coalition finally rallied to Humphrey in larger numbers than might have been anticipated, but the coalition is in serious trouble and the prospects for reviving it are not bright. Substantial Democratic losses in the South will not be readily regained. Lawrence O'Brien, the party's ablest technician, just before his departure as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, called attention to the fact that "the old Cadillac Square syndrome" had almost disappeared, despite labor's last-minute efforts; Jesse Unruh makes the same point.

The existence of a large and growing constituency outside both parties will compel a rethinking of strategies for Democrats and Republicans alike. While writing off the Deep South, at least for the time being, the Democrats must form a new coalition that will include the young, the blacks, Mexican Americans, the intellectuals and substantial elements from the blue-collar and upper-middle-class suburbs. This involves some "new approaches" on issues and programs; in addition a new style of politics, as well as new methods of enlisting active participation, must be fashioned. The Democratic majorities in Congress, as David Broder has noted, are largely illusory—"the diminished legacy of pre-Johnson victories." Among the freshmen, sophomores and juniors in the House and Senate, Republicans enjoy a 2-to-1 majority. In three elections, the Democratic Senate majority has dropped from eighteen to seven, and it will be vulnerable in 1970 when the Democrats must defend twenty-five seats and the Republicans only eight. The Democrats now have governors in only twenty of the fifty states, and Democrats and Republicans control state legislatures in the same proportion. Even assuming that the Democrats might expect to make some gains in an off-year election, it is clear that they have their work cut out for them. The possible emergence of a dissident movement, within or to the left of the party, could also cause the Democrats considerable distress.

On the Republican side, President Nixon will have trouble building the Grand New Coalition he has projected unless he adopts a new strategy. The course he followed in 1960 and again in 1968 of relying on the electoral votes of the West, the South and the border states, along with some Midwestern states, works fairly well for a Republican nominee in Presidential election because the Western states—California is in a special clas



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—have more electoral votes in proportion to population than do the more densely populated states. But to build support in the Congress the GOP must pick up strength in the industrial Midwest, in such states as New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in New England. The elements of the electorate which the Republicans must win over in increasing numbers have been described by Richard M. Scammon as "more and more metropolitan, better and better educated, more and more white collar in status; a middle-aged electorate substantially white in race and mixed in religious affiliation, and an electorate marked not by the rejection of middle-class values but by the triumph of those values." If this analysis is sound, then the Republicans may find it easier to build a new coalition than will the Democrats.

The Republican chances depend, to a large extent, on whether the Nixon Administration is prepared to place increasing reliance on the liberal-moderate wing of the party in its attempt to win a larger share of the vote in the heavily populated states. Even a solid South vote would not be of much help in building the Grand New Coalition; that can be achieved only if Nixon fixes his sights on the big states. The Wallace movement took a larger percentage of the national vote from Humphrey than from Nixon. If the movement re-emerges in 1972, it could well cause more trouble for the Democrats than for the Republicans. Surveying the first speculations on the new political season suggests that 1968 may, indeed, have been a "watershed" election, a last hurrah for the old alignments and coalitions.

## Arms Chill

Even after General Eisenhower (or one of his speech writers) gave it a name, level-headed Americans have despaired of materially curbing the military-industrial complex. But it now looks as though there might be a chance. As Joseph Kraft says in his syndicated column, the defense monster hasn't suddenly been tamed, but "for the first time since Korea, the climate of opinion is right for a careful, discriminating effort to achieve a defensive program that is responsive to national needs. . . ."

Vietnam is the chief reason. Nobody loves a loser, and in Vietnam we have lost, not militarily but politically. (We didn't win in Korea, but Vietnam is worse.) The negotiations will drag on and on, more Americans being added to the toll of 30,000 already killed and uncounted thousands maimed and crippled. Some sort of bedraggled, probably impermanent, settlement will be made, and everybody will remember that again and again we were assured by highest authority that we were on the verge of winning. The fact is that the admirals and generals who did the talking have discredited the military; no one believes them any more, just as no one gave any credence to the bankers after the 1929 debacle.

And the services are under a cloud of suspicion that they were, and still are, in alliance with industrialists to spend billions on weapons that may satisfy the egos of high commanders but actually undermine national defense, and make the whole world insecure. This extravagance is aggravated by the rivalry among the services, and

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within each service. By way of current example, the Air Force generals, who have never overcome an infatuation with big bombers (as some admirals still yearn for battleships), have come up with a scheme which they call SCAD for Subsonic Cruise Armed Decoy. Big bombers will carry small, pilotless nuclear-armed bombers—twenty or thirty on a B-52, more on the still larger bombers that the fly-generals are now sure they will get—which will be launched toward enemy cities and installations while the big planes remain safely out of antiaircraft range. SCAD, a descendant of the German V-1, is the bomber enthusiasts' equivalent of the multiple-warhead missile—as if the latter weren't, in Henry Kissinger's term, a sufficiency.

If a ponderous machine like the military-industrial complex is to be slowed down, however, there must be a prominent issue on which it has made itself look foolish and which annoys or frightens the mass of citizens. The "thin" ABM ("Sentinel") fills the bill. This is the anti-missile system which many weapon engineers think will never work but which was put over originally on the ground that the Chinese had a hydrogen bomb and sooner or later would toss it our way. What the radioactive fallout would be when the bad and good missiles collided, the ABM inventors did not say. (See "Blind Strategy of Missile Defense" by Milton J. Rosenberg, *The Nation,* February 10.)

In 1967, less than ten Senators were openly opposed to the Sentinel. In 1968, the number of opponents had increased to thirty-seven, and this year a head count shows forty-eight, with a good chance to get a majority. Last year the chief burden of organizing the opposition fell to Sen. John Sherman Cooper; his role is still important but he has been joined by Sen. Stuart Symington, whose opinion earns special respect because he is a former Secretary of the Air Force, and by Senators Percy and Kennedy. Senator Kennedy has written a letter to Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, declaring that it would be "folly" to deploy the proposed system, that there is no convincing evidence that it would ever work, and that it would obstruct an opportunity to lessen world tensions.

One reason for the Senate's growing distaste for Sentinel is that the citizens want no part of it. Senator Percy is receiving 750 to 1,000 letters a week from constituents who oppose an installation in the Chicago area. That Sen. Henry M. Jackson, who must stand for re-election next year, will want to defy the opposition in Seattle is doubtful. The resistance to Sentinel is nation-wide. In Reading, Mass., a meeting of 1,600 persons angrily questioned a brigadier general who had been sent to explain the necessity for ABM defense. Richard N. Goodwin, formerly special assisant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Jerome B. Wiesner, former science adviser to President Kennedy, and other prominent people have signed a letter urging President Nixon to halt construction on Sentinel, at least until the entire project can be reviewed. Perhaps in response to such pressure, Mr. Laird has ordered a one-month suspension of ABM activity.

It all adds up to a new atmosphere, in which the military-industrial complex will not get everything it wants merely for the asking. The President's message to the Senate, urging ratification of the nonproliferation treaty, probably represents his shrewd and timely recognition that a new atmosphere is emerging on matters relating to the military.

The President, incidentally, is performing admirably. In one day last week, he recommended an increase in funds for basic science research, took patronage out of the postal system, urged ratification of the nonproliferation treaty, and endorsed four-power talks at the UN on the Middle East.

## It Couldn't Have Been Worse

If some enemy, in all his wickedness, had wished to make the U.S. Navy look bad, he could hardly have written a more devastating scenario than the one the Navy followed in the *Pueblo* affair. It matches the performance of the CIA in the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Nor should we be astonished. While it is impossible to exculpate the Navy, it should be remembered that the *Pueblo* mission was almost certainly undertaken on behalf of the CIA and that the thirty "research" personnel on the ship were probably under CIA or similar direction.

The Navy was in charge of the logistic, communications and navigational phases of the mission, and it seems to have miscalculated in all of them. Coordination within the Navy, and between the Navy and the State Department, was almost totally lacking. One admiral, or set of admirals, gave instructions to the commanding officer of the ship. Another admiral, or more than one, was in charge of protective measures in the event of "trouble"—and gave no help whatsoever.

All senior officers seem to have been unable to make up their minds whether the *Pueblo* should be armed or not; in the end they compromised on token armament—two machine guns which the crew did not know how to use. The "destruct" preparations were similarly inadequate. Communication with headquarters in Japan was unreliable. The destroyer which was supposed to be steaming just over the horizon was actually sixteen hours away. Help could not be given by air; though there were eight American fighter aircraft in South Korea, all were equipped with nuclear weapons. (An interesting sidelight on the ever-present danger that a major East-West nuclear confrontation may be triggered by a "small" nuclear clash somewhere in the world.)

To round out the lugubrious picture, the North Koreans, who were in a state of high excitement at the time, had given warning of their intentions. Three days before the seizure, at a meeting at Panmunjon, Maj. Gen. Pak Chung Kook had protested to Rear Adm. John V. Smith, the senior United Nations delegate (the United States still insists that the UN is in charge), against infiltrations by "armed spy boats, together with a group of South Korean fishing boats," had denounced "such criminal acts," and had declared: "We have the due right to make a due response to your thoughtless play with fire. We will fully exercise our rights." The State and Defense Departments were not informed of this warning until after the ship was seized; they said later that such warnings were so frequent as to be routine and that they would have felt justified in



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ignoring this one and sending the ship within a mile or so of the 12-mile limit.

But after the *Pueblo* was lost, the admirals flew into a frenzy of activity. They wanted to fight, to move in and seize the ship, to retaliate in some fashion. They were prepared to resume the Korean War, even while they had their hands full in Vietnam. One of the few acts to the credit of the Johnson administration is that it quashed that nonsense.

## FCC: Policy by Whimsy

By two decisions which it handed down within forty-eight hours, the Federal Communications Commission proved—if such proof is still necessary—that it has no rational policy. It operates by dangerous whimsy.

On January 23 it ruled, in a split decision, that the Boston Herald-Traveler Corp. must surrender its television and radio license to a local, independent company. The Herald-Traveler Corp., which also publishes two Boston newspapers, was not judged to have failed in its duties as a broadcaster (although, oddly, the FCC did quibble over its lack of "agricultural programming"); the commission took back its license primarily to encourage "diversification" of ownership.

If it pointed to the establishment of a national program of forced diversification, the Boston decision would surely be a matter of rejoicing. As Commissioner Nicholas Johnson pointed out: "In America's eleven largest cities there is not a single network-affiliated VHF television station that is independently and locally owned. They are all owned by networks, multiple station owners, or major newspapers."

But it is evident from another decision which the FCC made public on the previous day that no such purpose is intended. In an order released January 22, the commission refused to reconsider its renewal of the television-radio license (KSL-TV-AM-FM) held by the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, despite the fact that the concentration of communications outlets in this case is overwhelming.

The history of the FCC's favoritism for the Mormon Church goes back to 1965 when the KSL-TV application came up for its regular three-year renewal. It was approved, even though the application failed to disclose who owned the station or what its other commercial relationships were. The 1968 renewal was similarly whisked through, by a vote of 3 to 1, at a time when Commissioner Johnson—who says he would have voted against it and would have protested its renewal without a public hearing—was out of the country.

Then two non-Mormon residents of Salt Lake City petitioned the FCC to reopen the case and to hold a public hearing. This was the plea that the FCC ruled against January 22 with an evenly divided 3-to-3 vote (ties go to the "defendant").

Of the three commissioners who ruled in favor of the Mormon license, one was FCC Chairman Rosel H. Hyde, who is a Mormon. There was nothing illegal in his taking part, but one may fairly note that Chairman Hyde participated in the Salt Lake City case (if he had not, it would have been reopened for examination) but abstained from voting in the Boston case, saying "my vote is not essential to the resolution of the matter."

The Mormon Church owns the Deseret Management Co., publishers of Salt Lake's afternoon newspaper, *The Deseret News,* which in turn is in partnership (in possible violation of federal and state antitrust laws) with the *Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Deseret Management Co. owns KSL Inc., whose television and radio outlets blanket Utah and extend well into Wyoming, Nevada and Idaho. And KSL Inc. owns 23 per cent of KID Broadcasting Corp., which holds television and radio licenses in Idaho Falls, Ida., and owns 6 per cent of Boise Valley Broadcasting, Inc., which holds television and radio licenses in Boise, Ida.

Deseret Management Co. also owns 100 per cent of the stock of Bonneville International Corp., which owns Radio New York Worldwide, Inc., holder of licenses for shortwave station WNYW and stereo station WAFM, both in New York City; it owns KIRO, KIRO-FM and KIRO-TV in Seattle; and stations KMBZ and KMBR in Kansas City, Mo.

The Mormon Church's newspaper partner in Salt Lake City is the Kearns Tribune Corp., which also owns 35 per cent of the stock of KUTV-TV in Salt Lake. The rest of KUTV's stock is owned by the Glassman family, thereby making this clan a partner, once removed, of the Mormon Church. The Glassman-Hatch interests control newspapers and radio and television outlets in Ogden, Idaho Falls, Salt Lake City, Twin Falls, Billings, Honolulu, Wailulai, Hilo, Laramie and a couple of dozen other towns.

The Mormon Church is in a three-way ownership of Salt Lake City's CATV system. It also owns more than 5 per cent of the stock (about $20 million worth) in the *Los Angeles Times,* whose domination of the communications industry in Southern California is so potent that it spills over into Arizona.

The Mormon Church's spectacular concentration of communications ownership, partnership and cronyship is no secret. All of this information has been on the record since Senator Hart held his Failing Newspaper Act hearings in 1967. The FCC simply uses the information that it finds convenient and ignores the rest.

## Stalling Tactics

With recent draft calls rising substantially—the February quota is 33,700, compared with only 12,000 last September—educators are concerned about the possible effect on enrollments in graduate school. The 1968 draft law, which did away with graduate exemptions, became effective last September, but had relatively little effect on students during the fall semester. Manpower needs were low, and many draft boards were slow to reclassify students. But now the situation may change considerably.

With the spring semester about to begin, educators are advising current and prospective students to continue to enroll for classes. They note that once the semester is under way, most draft boards will postpone induction. Further, there are important implications to a recent court



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decision in which a law student at the University of Texas won a suit to obtain a 1-S classification from his local draft board, permitting him to remain in school until the end of the school year. According to a spokesman for the Council of Graduate Schools, it may mean that many second-year graduate students who are ordered to appear for induction in the period between semesters or quarters can now file for a pre-induction judicial review, a process that will effectively delay their induction until the end of the school year.

For advice on this and other legal procedures available to them, graduate students may write to the Council of Graduate Schools, 1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Delaying tactics can win a semester, perhaps a school year, for many students. By then military needs may drop, the draft law itself may be changed, or some accommodation may be found in Vietnam.

## Ralph McGill

Ralph McGill's death closed a cycle in Southern journalism which he had helped to initiate. When he began his career—on the *Nashville Banner* in 1922 and later on the Atlanta *Constitution*—social pressures in the South were so intense as to make any examples of good journalism shine forth like beacons in the night. And there was a lot of news, often dramatic, to report: lynchings, riots, bizarre politics, colorful demagogues, tobacco-road detours and a special kind of poverty. Race was then a Southern, not an ongoing national story. In such a setting, the good Southern newspaper received national recognition and the good Southern journalist was a likely prize-winner. Some Southern communities, eager for national recognition, were prepared to tolerate a degree of journalistic excellence, the more so since it did not have too much local impact. In brief it was a time of opportunity for Southern journalists, and Ralph McGill was one of the best. In a journalistic sense his voice became "the conscience of the South," and his example encouraged others. Young reporters wanted to work on the *Constitution* because of Ralph McGill.

The high point of his career—and of Southern journalism (at least for the time being)—was reached in 1959 when he won the Pulitzer Prize. That year marked the upsurge of the movement to which we owe the first significant civil rights legislation. This in turn marked the first step toward that liberation of the South from the tyranny of racial myths and political demagogy which McGill had long sought to achieve. But the atmosphere soon changed. New forces emerged, the segregationists became more sophisticated, the battle lines shifted, talk about Black Power began to disturb Southern power structures. Those who had tolerated advocacy of civil rights as merely eccen-

(*Continued on page 212*)

# UN: DEFUSING THE POWDER KEG

**ANNE TUCKERMAN**

*United Nations*

Diplomatic efforts to break the perilous deadlock in the Middle East have entered a new phase. Following a timely proposal by the French Government, the representatives of the four major powers at the United Nations have started private consultations to try to define and put in operation concerted moves to implement the resolution adopted by the Security Council on November 22, 1967. These preliminaries will in all likelihood be followed soon by a meeting of the four powers in New York.

The French proposal recognized the need, also felt acutely in Moscow and Washington, to explore new avenues out of an increasingly infected situation in the Middle East. The priority which President Nixon has given the problems of this area shows the extreme concern felt by the new Administration for the Middle East "powder keg," to which the abhorrent hangings in Baghdad have added yet another fuse. At the same time, Mr. Nixon implied that negotiations with the Soviets on an issue about which both powers have a vital interest, but in which they are not directly concerned, would provide a useful opening, and perhaps even a key, for a dialogue that is certain to encompass many other complex and difficult problems.

A new attempt at a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict appears the more urgent because of the increasing militancy of Arab extremists in and out of Arab governments. An ominous symptom of this development is that a Soviet memorandum of last December, drafted with the approval of Cairo and listing steps for implementing the Security Council resolution, was rejected not only by Israel but also by Iraq and by the Palestine Liberation Organization. There is a feeling in diplomatic circles that the time may be approaching when Nasser, who is still the leading Arab statesman, will be unable to "deliver" a settlement.

Moscow is concerned by this possibility, because Arab extremist organizations seem to be infiltrated with revolutionary cadres trained in China, Cuba or Algeria. For practical purposes, Jordan is at present in the hands of the Palestinian terrorist organization. Nasser's loss of stature would also have anti-American implications, and is therefore feared in Washington. Paris has warned the other powers that the Palestine Liberation Organization has assumed many of the features of the Algerian Liberation movement, in its early stages, and that young and dedicated intellectuals have taken over from the inefficient mass of Arab malcontents.

Israel reacted in advance with an emphatic "no" to whatever formula might be devised by the Big Four, characterizing it as an attempt to impose a solution which,



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in the opinion of the Jerusalem government, can come only from direct talks between it and the Arab governments. President de Gaulle's sponsorship of the big-power *concertation*, as the French prefer to call it, has not helped matters, since he could hardly be called a mollifying influence after the French embargo on arms to Israel.

In these circumstances, the French proposal has been carefully drafted to conform to the framework of the Security Council resolution. Secretary-General U Thant, who supports the French initiative, has insisted on a UN background for the four-power action, and has defined the objective as "moral pressure" on the parties, but without any *Diktat*. Washington agrees. The agenda submitted by the French Government for the talks suggests an evaluation of the mission of Ambassador Jarring, named by the proposal as an intermediary working with all parties for the application of principles listed in the Security Council resolution. The agenda provides further for a study of means to make the resolution effective, and of measures to prevent further deterioration of international relations in the area. (Two of these measures could be big-power guarantees and limitation of arms shipments to the area.)

Because the agenda is drawn on very general lines, the talks may go on for months. The intention is to provide a careful re-examination of all aspects of the problem in the context of the Security Council resolution. The role of Ambassador Jarring during this time would be mostly to stand by and possibly to elicit reactions from both sides. That will also be done, one would suspect, by Washington and Moscow, which have privileged links with Jerusalem and Cairo. If and when agreement begins to develop on the basic issues, the good offices of Dr. Jarring would be reactivated, and he might then wish a formal statement from the Security Council as a whole to strengthen his mandate.

For the moment, nobody will predict where the four-power *concertation* will lead, or whether it will lead anywhere. The answer to that question lies primarily in Jerusalem.

# WATERSHED OF POLITICS

# A Democrat Speaks to the Question

**JESSE UNRUH**

*Mr. Unruh, elected to the Assembly in 1954, has served as Speaker from 1961 to 1969, and is currently leader of the Democratic minority in that body. He headed the California delegation to the 1968 convention and has given the Chubb Fellowship lectures at Yale.*

> The Democratic Party is never so good as when it's broke, when respectable people speak of it in whispers, and when it has no leaders and only one principle—to go in and take it away from the other fellows. . . .
> —*Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley")*

*Sacramento*

Once again, the sagacious Chicago saloonkeeper comes to the aid of the party with a concise description of the state into which it has fallen, indeed into which it has fallen frequently since his time. It would be hard to improve today upon the statement of purpose Mr. Dooley framed for his Democratic Party. The difference now is that the old way of going in and taking it away from the other fellows just may not work any more.

The old dependable power blocs are deteriorating, and they are not being replaced. Organized labor is becoming politically and socially irrelevant. Farmers are solidly entrenched in the middle class or better; their needs are expressed in arcane economic formulas understood only by federal bureaucrats. The solid South has finally found out what the Democratic Party meant by racial equality and has left it in a huff.

This process of deterioration has been going on for many years and has been ignored by Democrats. Now we have reached the point where Richard Daley cannot deliver Illinois, and Texas is the only Southern state to vote Democratic. Presumably, Democrats are sufficiently shocked to look for the reasons why.

It is not so much that the New Deal coalition has left the Democratic Party as that the goals of the Democratic Party have changed in response—if in sluggish response—to the changing needs of society, and the blocs in the old coalition do not share these new goals. The South resents federally imposed integration; farmers do not share the new overriding concern with the cities. Most disturbing of all is the failure of organized labor to rally enthusiastically behind our social programs.

The failure of labor may really be that of the liberal politicians, who idealized the working man throughout this century into some kind of noble savage who would push the Democratic Party into whatever progressive direction it ought to take at a given time. It turns out that working people share most of the weaknesses of the rest of mankind, and the surprise of this discovery has still not worn off for many political leaders.

The United Auto Workers has made a significant effort in the ghettos, but in this it is exceptional. Minority unemployment is almost universally recognized as the principal canker in our central cities. The labor movement could be expected to lead the attack on this problem, but it does not. Most labor unions are not even very effective at policing their own discrimination. Racism in the building trades unions is a national scandal.



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In California, the Division of Apprenticeship Standards reported in 1964 that 2.4 per cent of apprentices were black. After four years of concentration upon minority employment, the Division reported that only 2 per cent of apprentices were black. That was not progress, but organized labor in California vigorously opposed legislation designed to correct the situation. It can be most convincingly argued that the policies of the National Association of Manufacturers regarding minority employment are often more progressive than those of the AFL-CIO.

The area of foreign policy has produced a most interesting reversal of roles: the AFL-CIO went on record in full support of President Johnson's conduct of the war in Vietnam, while the stock market responded most favorably to rumors of peace. Old-fashioned liberals are finding it increasingly difficult to distinguish the villains from the heroes.

In parallel with its decline of liberalism, organized labor has suffered a decline of political influence. During the California legislative campaigns of 1968, many districts were polled on the question, "Do you believe labor unions generally endorse the best candidate?" Republicans, not surprisingly, responded negatively 3 to 1; but in none of the districts polled did a majority of Democrats respond affirmatively, and in only *one* district did a plurality of Democrats feel that a labor endorsement signified political worth. This opinion may be especially marked in California, with its highly mobile population, but it is increasingly evident nationally.

It is significant, too, that labor brought about the defeat of some of the Democratic U.S. Senatorial candidates who were for peace in Vietnam. It did so not by withholding an endorsement but by withdrawing campaign funds. The illiberalism of old-guard labor leaders will not have its effect so much in forcing a change of Democratic Party policies as in making it tougher for many Democratic candidates to get elected.

If the New Deal coalition is no longer committed to the Democratic Party, it must also be admitted that the leaders of the Democratic Party have done little to bring those blocs or any other segments of the society back into the fold. Long incumbencies in many Statehouses and in Washington, and the complacency produced by an erroneous belief that, come what may, certain large groups of citizens will support Democrats, have led to a breakdown of communication with the voters.

It is true that lingering loyalties among individuals who comprised the old blocs still account for many Democratic votes, but it is neither likely nor desirable that they determine the central thrust of the party. As a practical matter, it is probably not necessary to cater to them; most of them will continue to vote Democratic for a few more years despite their disagreements with the new direction the party must take. But American voters in the mass have demonstrated a growing ability to split their tickets with great sophistication, especially when the offices at stake have high visibility. Party loyalty cannot sustain the Democrats over the long haul; we shall have to start explaining what we advocate and why.

Indeed, the dissemination of information may become the most important use of the party apparatus. "Big Government" really is as large and complex as the new American nihilists of the Left and Right say it is. Modern government demands all the time and expert effort that officeholders can devote to it, leaving little time for public relations. As the need for communication between government and the citizenry increases, the ability to communicate decreases. This tendency, however, can be reversed by political parties.

The day of the precinct worker going door to door with a bag of groceries or a bucket of coal is well gone. We may be reaching the time when the precinct worker going door to door prodding people to the polling place will be equally anachronistic. A political party does not derive much long-range benefit from people who do not want to vote in the first place, and do not know what they are voting on once they are in the booth. It is better by far to produce some kind of self-motivation. The excitement of Robert Kennedy's candidacy turned out many more votes than did the job offers and other blandishments of Richard Daley.

Along with communication must come candor. Democratic candidates at all levels are especially handicapped today because of the party's long dominance at the federal level. We must begin to understand that it is not disloyal to admit the mistakes of other Democrats. In fact, the party fundamentalists who insist that candidates support programs which have not lived up to expectations are guilty of the great political sin of impracticality. The U.S. Senate and the Democratic Party are clearly better off for candidates like McGovern, Ribicoff, Bayh, Church and Cranston who consistently differed with the policies of President Johnson's administration throughout their campaigns.

The War on Poverty has not been a smashing success; we should be learning from its failures and telling the people what we are learning. That also is what we should have done much earlier with respect to the war in Vietnam.

Viewed from the state level, the great failing of the Johnson administration was its approach to the solution of social problems. Apparently in continuing fascination with the New Deal, the administration insisted upon the central government's superior ability to formulate and administer programs. In fact, there has been a growing disenchantment with the programs and those who control them. The beneficiaries of this disenchantment have been the political conservatives.

If this trend was recognized by the administration, the response was far from adequate. We were offered a slogan, "Creative Federalism"; but when Democratic officeholders like Robert Kennedy and Edmund Muskie tried to give the slogan meaning, they got little sympathy from the White House. The President's Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, originally a very promising organization, has declined under the lackluster, foot-dragging dominance of former Southern governors.

The failure to allocate control for maximum effect will loom large in the next few years. The Johnson administration was far better suited to involve other levels of government and private business in social programs than the



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Nixon Administration will be. If President Nixon calls for local control and home rule, and embarks upon a program of incentives and awards to business, he cannot avoid the accusation that he is rewarding those who have long supported the Republican Party. A Democratic administration would not have been similarly suspect.

We Democrats can free ourselves of old prejudices—and free the electorate of prejudices about us—if we can develop a more open political approach. The Democratic Party must commit itself to complete honesty, both in the formulation and execution of policy and in its day-to-day functioning as a political apparatus. (Emphasis of this point is not intended to impute greater honesty to any other political party, living or dead.)

We must start by telling the truth during election periods. If people do not believe us then, we can hardly expect their confidence later. Campaigns waged in terms of personal invective, outright misrepresentation and contrived distortion may produce victories, but they make the task of governing all but impossible for the winners. An opponent who has been maligned and mistreated during a campaign can hardly be expected to cooperate with the victor who has used such tactics, and the supporters of the losing candidate can be expected to be even more resentful.

A more visible and potent Fair Campaign Practices Committee would be helpful in identifying those candidates whose concern for the truth has been suspended for the campaign duration, but the best answer is self-restraint. To the discredit of our party, the outstanding example of such restraint under pressure is that of Sen. Barry Goldwater during the 1964 Presidential campaign.

As far as intraparty policy is concerned, there must be a great reduction in the messianic insistence on party solidarity. The obvious insincerity this produces destroys the prestige of politicians and underestimates the intelligence of the voters. Not every Democratic candidate is endowed with superior virtue, and the electorate knows we know it. Blind insistence upon party brotherhood makes politics in general about as credible as a television wrestling match.

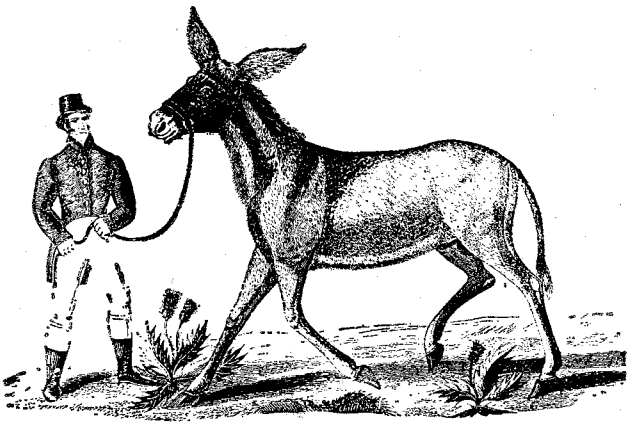
The press is probably at least as culpable on this matter as are most politicians. The immutable principle of party unity provides an extremely simple way to explain election results: no one questions an editorial dismissal of the hapless politician who fails to endorse one or another local candidate of his party.

Beyond the criticism of existing programs lies the proposal of new ones. Here Democrats must understand that programs themselves become instruments of communication. The tendency to concentrate upon the very pressing problems of our minorities can lead to greater alienation of the majority. Each new program has the inherent danger of producing a new reason for resentment.

For example, providing summer job opportunities for black youngsters in the ghettos may seem an unexceptionable program. But if it is done at the expense of summer job programs for white youngsters in the suburbs, it may eventually create a much more volatile situation than the summertime idleness of young black people produces. Democrats must take a disproportionate share of the blame for sponsoring such socially alienating if well-intentioned programs.

Government's principal task remains that of dealing with the problems affecting the majority. The attack upon minority problems should ideally be made by other institutions in the society, and the political task is to encourage those other institutions to spend their energies in that area. If businessmen can be convinced that there is a profit in meeting ghetto needs, there is no doubt that they will do so; and they will be able to act without fear of majority opinion.

If Democrats are to participate in this transfer of function, a lot of them must come to understand that the important issue is not who is making a profit or how much it is but what is being accomplished. The residents of the



ghetto are not squeamish about the profit motive, and they certainly will not forgive us if we use it as an excuse for denying them hope.

All of this leads, of course, to greater honesty in the conduct of government itself. It would seem that the only really responsible recourse, in this period of grave doubt, is to open up the processes of politics and government to the people who are affected by them. In the area of domestic policy, this might mean a step as simple as a commitment to the full disclosure of all reports of Presidential Advisory Commissions.

It is obviously in the area of foreign policy that this need is critical. If we really mean, "No more Vietnams," our action must be drastic. The government should make public some kind of catalogue of our degree of commitment throughout the world. It should state what we are spending, where, through what groups, and for what purposes. We should be told which governments are now controlled by ours and to what degree.

It is likely that Americans would rebel at many aspects of our foreign policy if it were revealed to them in such open fashion, but as we have seen, a little voter rebellion over such issues is healthy. It leads to a more successful foreign policy.

There is often no reason, other than habit or tradition, for clandestine political activities. No legitimate political activities are damaged by opening them up to the people. The California delegation to the Democratic National



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Convention in 1968 never held a closed caucus. No one has criticized that delegation for making its decisions in public, nor has anyone suggested that the delegation was therefore less effective.

A political party, however, is not necessarily effective simply because it is open and honest. It must be an apparatus with a direction. If the Democratic Party can abandon the debilitating commitment to the past that has brought it to defeat, it can become a most effective majority-forming mechanism.

Some of the elements of a new majority are already apparent. They include the poor, the black and the young. To these may be added those from the upper economic levels who are secure enough not to feel threatened by the demands of those at the lower end of the spectrum, and those so recently up from poverty as not to feel estranged from their former milieu. Finally, there are the idealists and intellectuals who see in the activist groups the motive force for bringing about the changes they advocate.

At present, two or more such blocs will ally themselves occasionally in pursuit of some common goal. The pacts are usually temporary and fragile, and that may lead to the conclusion that no really permanent coalition can be put together with these blocs. If, however, the Democratic Party can command their trust, it will become the accepted political mechanism of this emerging majority.

And the Democratic Party can merit the trust of these people. The lesson of the 1968 Chicago convention was widely misread. The fact that the old professionals ran the convention with an iron hand was not nearly as important as the revolt of large numbers of delegates. Forty per cent of the delegates opposed the party leadership and the incumbent Administration, and that is an extremely high percentage when one considers the methods of delegate selection. These were conscience votes cast by grass-roots party leaders and workers, and they have changed the character of the Democratic Party.

But whether or not any such new majority emerges, it should be evident that we cannot return to the bland politics of consensus. First of all, the isolated nature of life in our affluent society is not likely to change soon. We shall continue to live among our peers, work with them and educate our children with theirs. The problems of other groups will be perceived dimly, if at all. Second, the problems with which we must deal today arise so suddenly and are of such consequence that it is downright dangerous to spend precious time in developing a consensus of support for a course of action.

What is needed is political leadership that is inspirational as well as intelligent, concerned as well as competent. For the effective governance of this nation our leaders must have the sustained confidence of enough people to permit them to act, with no fear of political collapse if they are wrong. The ability to inspire such confidence enabled John Kennedy to survive the Bay of Pigs. Lack of it prevented Lyndon Johnson from surviving the Tet offensive.

The ability to inspire confidence, and to justify it by dealing openly and honestly, free of commitments and traditional doctrine, is at the heart of that amorphous body of theory, the New Politics. The New Politics is still too much of an abstraction to yield to thorough discussion, but it seems clear that none of the 1968 Presidential candidates could be described as a "New Politician."

George Wallace was no more than a hyper-demagogic Senator Bilbo. The new Nixon was more mature and relaxed, but not really all that new. Vice President Humphrey's image remained dimmed by the shadow of Lyndon Johnson. Robert Kennedy would almost certainly have won, had he lived to become the nominee; Senator McCarthy could probably also have won.

The narrowness of the Nixon victory is likely to keep him shackled to the policies of the past, but the pressure for change is urgent. His Administration will be the last in the New Deal tradition. Some kind of change, for good or ill, will characterize the administration that follows.

# Ripon: Left Spur to the GOP

**HOWARD L. REITER**

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*Cambridge*

A khaki-colored wooden building amid the exotic restaurants and psychedelic shops that surround Harvard Square is the headquarters of the Ripon Society, which may become a combination of brain trust and gadfly for the Nixon Administration. It is an organization of several hundred young academic, business and professional men and women who are in the sometimes awkward position of being both liberal and Republican. Founded in Cambridge just over six years ago and named for one of the Midwestern towns that claim to be the birthplace of the GOP, the Society has become virtually the only ongoing group which lobbies within the party for progressive policies. Its ultimate goal is to reunite the party with the intellectual community that in 1912 followed Teddy Roosevelt out of the party—and never returned. In a sense it is the ADA of the GOP.

Until this year, Ripon's role within the party was fairly clear: it was one voice in the Republican wilderness, providing intellectual resources for moderate candidates and officeholders and a forum for such fresh ideas as the negative income tax and draft reform. Now that the party is in power, Ripon must undergo a transformation, and just what it is to be is a matter of some concern to the membership. For unlike the ADA, which could actively support the last five Democratic Presidential nominees,



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the Ripon Society in 1968 never found itself squarely in the Nixon camp. A poll of more than 500 readers of the Society's magazine, *The Ripon Forum*, in August, disclosed that more than four out of five had supported Nelson Rockefeller before the convention, and that only a third of those Rockefeller partisans had made up their minds to vote for Nixon in November. Stating its position in September, the Society began with the assertion, "Frankly, Nixon-Agnew was not our dream ticket." The statement went on in an ambiguous vein, ending up as either a reluctant endorsement or a plague on all the houses.

Yet Nixon, ever eager to broaden his base within the party, has long been interested in Ripon personnel. In 1964 he drafted Lee Huebner, a graduate student in history at Harvard, as research assistant. Huebner, who later became president of the Ripon Society, was also hired by the Nixon speech-writing staff after the 1968 convention and is now on the White House staff. John Price, a New York attorney and former chairman of Ripon's national governing board, and Christopher DeMuth, a recent Harvard College graduate with ties in the black community, are now working with Daniel Patrick Moynihan. These appointments are obviously not the result of a pervasive liberalism in the Administration but rather of Nixon's attempt to achieve an ideological Balkanization of the government—conservatives to Justice and Defense, liberals to urban affairs. However, it gives some Riponites access to the highest levels of government.

Huebner, Price and DeMuth personify one approach to the Ripon Society's problem of how to relate to the Nixon Administration. Having taken jobs in the government, they have resigned their Ripon posts to preserve the Society's freedom of action. Others in the Society genuinely fear that it may be co-opted by the Administration, losing its independence by striving to maintain warm relations with the Nixon team. The first problem of this sort arose soon after the election, when the Society issued a statement lamenting the fact that Nixon had not used the campaign to take bold initiatives which would attract Democrats and independents to the Republican Party. The press seized upon a part of the statement that dealt with Nixon's failure to attract the pro-civil rights "frontlash" bloc. A typical headline appeared in *The New York Times*: "GOP Group Chides Nixon on Backlash." Some members of the Ripon Society suggested that the whole thing might have been better timed; Ripon had the distinction of producing the first post-election statement in the country to criticize the President-elect.

The leadership of the Society generally supports cooperation with the Administration. Josiah Lee Auspitz, doctoral candidate in political science at Harvard and Ripon's new president, says bluntly: "The question is whether we want to be effective, or exhibit our virtue." Effectiveness is the criterion, too, for Bruce Chapman of the Seattle chapter. Author of a proposal for draft reform (*The Wrong Man in Uniform*) and co-author of a study of the Republicans in 1964 (*The Party That Lost Its Head*), Chapman says: "At last we have a chance to have our people in government, actually making some of the decisions we've been advocating, or at least advising the decision makers. Our presence in the Administration actually enhances their receptivity to our ideas. And under these circumstances, I think it's folly to suggest that we'll lose our purity; Nixon has already shown his sympathy with some of our ideas. Now they can be implemented."

But one Riponite who is wary of this new coziness is John Saloma, an assistant professor of political science at M.I.T. and the first president of the Society. He warns:

> If the Nixon Administration absorbs the best Ripon talent and the Society becomes in effect an arm of the Administration, we've lost our most important function —independent thought and criticism. Anybody who goes to work for the Administration owes his primary commitment and political loyalty to Nixon, and members of the Administration may try to use their Ripon contacts to get the Society to tone down its criticism.
>
> But Nixon ought to realize that it is in his interest to keep us criticizing him from the left; a party looks more honest and believable if criticism comes from within. The Democrats, after all, came through 1968 remarkably well. We have got to appeal to young people, and young people today are more interested in candor than political loyalty.

Chapman notes, on the other hand, that most of Ripon's chapters are not in academic communities: "In Seattle, or Los Angeles, or Dallas, or Chicago, our function is to bring bright young professional and business people into the Republican Party. Although we can do this while appealing simultaneously to young people outside the party who are not interested in the GOP, it is more important to draw in the others. And *these* people are more interested in being effective than in simply criticizing." To which Saloma replies: "Many people tell us that it is precisely because of the role we play that they remain Republican. What will they do if we lose our independent voice?"

No one feels that this philosophical difference has been deleterious to the Society. "The most remarkable thing about Ripon," says Lee Huebner, "is the absence of factionalism." And Lee Auspitz adds: "This whole discussion is on a more or less theological level and never reaches the operational stage." Thomas Petri, a Harvard Law graduate and Peace Corps veteran who has just completed his tenure as executive director of the Society, agrees: "In a real sense there is no conflict between someone's role in Ripon and his decision to work for the government. The first consideration for any individual in this case will be citizenship—whatever their views about the President, most people will serve if called. Kennedy found this out in 1961, when some Republicans were drafted into his administration. After all, if you look at your hierarchy of priorities, membership in Ripon will probably fall below other values such as citizenship."

But the question for some is whether the principles for which they joined the Society can be maintained by cooperating with an Administration in which they are only one of many influences. "I don't think we've lost anything," Petri claims. "In fact, I think we've turned a net political profit. We're in the Administration, and I don't think that those who continue to run the Society will soften their criticism. Of course, there is a tension between the



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desire to be accurate—to criticize accurately—and the desire to have entree, but it's a question of tactics more than anything else. On some issues we may take a different tack than on others, but only for strategic reasons. No basic compromise is involved." Bruce Chapman adds, "With our contacts within the Administration, our criticism can be better informed."

Asked if Ripon's image could suffer from its close association with the Administration, Petri replied: "A person's prestige goes up if his experience in government was successful, and vice versa. I think this is true of groups, too. If we are associated with some of the successes and new initiatives of the Nixon Administration, this will help us."

The root of the problem lies, as Huebner sees it, with the "dual constituency" of the Society: "We have to appeal to Republicans, and at the same time maintain our contacts with young people, the black community and academicians. But this dual constituency is one of the great strengths of the Ripon Society. We can serve as a bridge between the party and these other groups; without us, there might never be any contact. Of course, when these two groups diverge, as they did in 1968, there is a tension within the Society and within each of us as individuals. But as long as this tension exists, we fulfill a vital function—spokesmen from each group to the other." Petri concurs: "Many party leaders are suspicious of our Republicanism. By participating in the Administration, we can establish our credentials as Republicans once and for all, without compromising our principles." This should help to quiet the criticism from Republican stalwarts like National Chairman Ray Bliss, who has on occasion labeled the Society a divisive force within the party.

What role is Ripon likely to play in the next four years? Given the fact that the Society will have no dogmatic "line" to dictate what relationship individual members may have with the Administration, four types of activity can be expected:

First, the Society will continue to speak for the progressive, urban-oriented wing of the Republican Party. Since there is no other ongoing liberal Republican organization, Ripon's comments are regarded as an index of the thinking of that wing of the party. It is the most visible part of that faction—"the tip of the iceberg," as the American Conservative Union once described the Society.

Ripon's claim to be a spokesman is well founded. Hosts at its recent sixth anniversary dinner in New York were such pillars of the Eastern liberal faction as Henry Kissinger, David Rockefeller, William Scranton, Walter Thayer and John Hay Whitney; the principal speaker of the evening was John Lindsay. *The Ripon Forum* has published the writings of Senators Cooper, Goodell, Hatfield and Morton; George Romney and Elliot Richardson; Melvin Laird, and even Richard Nixon. When Mark Hatfield decided last year to criticize the Presidential candidates for not speaking out boldly on Vietnam, he used a *Forum* article to voice his feelings. When Rep. John Anderson of Illinois ran for chairman of the House Republican Conference, he cited a Ripon endorsement of him as proof that he had liberal as well as conservative support. And when *National Review* complained that Ripon publications "are treated by the Liberal press like the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention," it was in effect recognizing that the Society has become an important vehicle of opinion in American politics.

The second major activity will be research, which has

H. Zinder, Toronto Star

consumed most of Ripon's energies since 1962. Huebner does not look forward to a research explosion in the next four years, warning that "we shouldn't curl up and become another Brookings Institution"; but research remains Ripon's most constructive role. From major research projects of the past have come proposals for federal-state revenue sharing, the negative income tax, a volunteer army, de-escalation in Vietnam, and the Massachusetts Republican state platform, one of the most liberal of either party in the nation. More recently, the New York chapter issued a series of urban position papers, Cambridge members aided Massachusetts Gov. Francis Sargent in his recent transition to the Statehouse, and the Seattle chapter has lobbied for a lower voting age.

Today, Ripon has a full-time research director, Robert Behn, who contracts his services to interested public figures. The Society has published several books, including a study of the 1964 elections, described by Theodore H. White as "far and away the best study of the elections made by anyone"; a report on the state of the GOP after 1966; an investigation of Southern Republicanism, soon to be updated by Michael Lottman, former editor of the *Southern Courier*; proposals for ending the war in Vietnam, and a collection of essays by members of the Society, *The Ripon Papers*. Soon to be published is *The Lessons of Victory*, an analysis of the events of 1968 and where the party is headed. And of course there is the *Forum*, with a circulation in the thousands.

Research and publications produce about a third of the



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Society's revenues, the rest coming from more than 200 contributors. Petri takes pains to note that these individuals are scattered throughout the nation, and that none of them contributes anywhere near a major share of Ripon's expenses. The Society's budget was about $12,000 in 1964 and about $115,000 last year. If that seems a paltry amount, considering the millions spent each year by conservative Republican groups, it makes Ripon's influence in Republican affairs even more striking.

A third role, of course, will be Ripon's influence within and upon the Administration. As Huebner puts it: "We lost the struggle with the conservatives over the tone and content of Nixon's campaign. Now we've got to win the struggle over his Presidential policies, and judging from his early appointments and actions, I think we're doing all right." Auspitz is even more optimistic: "We're better equipped for this struggle than we were for the other, because we are policy-oriented. And Nixon is flexible; there will always be a struggle, so to speak, for his soul." Petri sees this role as crucial: "The members of his Administration will be receiving a lot of pressure from the Right. If we exert pressure from the Left, we can make it easier for them to move in a moderate direction." And Douglas Matthews, a free-lance writer who now edits the *Forum*, notes: "As Republicans, our criticism will be taken more seriously by Nixon than criticism from the Democrats. After all, we're 'on his side.' "

And finally, the Ripon Society can be expected to increase its direct political activities in the years to come. Last year, Ripon members participated in the campaigns of Nixon, William Saxbe, Richard Ogilvie, Thomas Curtis, James Farmer and others. At least two active Riponites—Martin Linsky in Massachusetts and John McClaughry in Vermont—hold seats in state legislatures, and the number is likely to increase. And with the added interest focused upon Ripon in these Republican years, new chapters are planned in more cities and on more campuses. (In the past, purely campus-based chapters were discouraged by the leaders, in order to prevent the Society's base from becoming too narrow.)

One Ripon leader who would like to see this activism flourish in new ways is Professor Saloma, who bluntly advocates building a "political cadre" within the Society:

> I think we've put too little emphasis on party affairs. If we familiarize ourselves with party matters—and it would be a full-time job—we can more effectively criticize the party and produce changes. In other words, we need organization—the McCarthy people saw the importance of that. Until we do it, we will have to rely upon our members in the Administration to get things done. But if we can organize ourselves and become versed in party affairs, then our criticism of the party leadership will be more than mere broadsides; instead, we can promote a forward, constructive program. Maybe the leaders won't like it, but at least we are more likely to get results.

However, Saloma's views have not yet taken hold in the Society at large.

And what course will the Ripon Society finally take? Perhaps there is really no dilemma. By rejecting both the ivory tower and the politics of confrontation, the members of the Society have come out on the side of political effectiveness, of reform rather than revolution. They are willing to risk contact with the political world, and they are idealistic enough to believe that they can do so without endangering their basic principles. They are the radicals of the GOP and the conservatives of the New Left, and so far they have performed both functions with a minimum of stress. Only time and Richard Nixon's Presidency will tell how long they can maintain the balance.

# The 'Kaffeeklatsch' Constituency

**FLOYD McKAY**
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*Salem, Ore.*

Sen. Robert W. Packwood of Oregon, who at 36 took the seat if not the place of Wayne L. Morse, will spend the weekend of March 1-2 presiding over an annual political gathering which he first organized in 1965 and which is beginning to draw the attention of national Republican leaders. Packwood's fifth Dorchester Conference on the wintry Oregon coast just might provide eager GOP generals with the clues they seek to Congressional control in 1970.

When it started, in the dark post-Goldwater days, Dorchester was only the name of a drafty resort hotel in the neon strip of Lincoln City. And Packwood was only an aggressive young state legislator with a lot of big ideas about politics.

By 1968, Dorchester had become *the* place to be seen, a proud campaign ribbon for the suburban *Kaffeeklatsch* army. It had attained status in a status-conscious class. Its devotees were already beginning to call themselves People for Packwood; at the end of the year, they elected a new United States Senator. Dorchester may lack the psychedelic brilliance of McCarthy's Impossible Dream, but it is a calculated, perfectly executed black-and-white message, and it may have serious consequences for those who fail to heed it. It, too, is the New Politics.

Packwood discovered as early as his first legislative campaign in 1962 that for great masses of middle-class Americans, political participation can be an end in itself. In the spring of 1965, he was ready to move on that premise. Invitations went out, "to bring together constructive Republicans from throughout Oregon . . . to attempt, through critical thought and frank discussion, to assess the problems and future of the Republican Party of Oregon." Only 300 select invitations were issued that first year.



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Most responded, but the politically cautious held back. Packwood had intentionally snubbed the state party chairman, a conservative who viewed Packwood as a whippersnapper likely to make trouble. No matter. The party unity boys would show up at later Dorchester conferences, larger and broader of base.

People came to Dorchester to participate in politics: young men with the tangy after-shave smell of junior executive success; housewives escaping wax build-up and Art Linkletter; square teen-agers in pressed ducks and moderate minis who cranked endless reports from the mimeograph. Packwood the leader, his driving ambition harnessed in properly casual sweat shirt and jeans, greeted the troops, setting them to work on the great issues.

Dorchester's format was elastic. People talked about what was on their minds, guided only by general subject areas. The politically conscious husband or wife brought the uninitiated mate, and new interests were kindled to replace family finance as an after-dinner topic. Everyone took part. The debate and discourse flowed from workshop to dinner table, from the crowded bar to a closing session at which Packwood and his lieutenants tried to pull together a Dorchester view of the world.

Would anyone remember, a year later, what resolutions had been passed, what issues searched, what answers trumpeted to a perplexed world? The cries of the ever-circling gulls would drown the words before they left the conference hall.

Not so easily lost, however, would be the vibrance of participation, the warm glow of earnest talk and new friendships, the laughter shared at an amateur-hour musical comedy. It mattered little if Dorchester urged withdrawal from Vietnam, or the negative income tax, or whatever. It mattered little, even, if Packwood later took opposing views in his Senatorial campaign. But it mattered a great deal to be there, to take part, to be involved. Dorchester was a "be-in" for the suburban middle class.

If the intense, issue-oriented forces of the New Democratic Coalition are a threat to the old politics, so Dorchester is a Republican counter to the Coalition. Even in these troubled times, there are more who have than have not, more who belong than are alienated, more who ask "why?" than ask "why not?" They are the people Packwood found, and they put him in the Senate. They will gather again at Dorchester in March.

And they are a mass in every state of the Union, waiting for their own Dorchester on the shore of the Atlantic, or the banks of the Missouri. They are educated suburban housewives, unchallenged by the PTA and Great Books; young executives who can't converse with a computer; whole groups of people turned off by the endless turgidity of professional associations and service clubs.

Product of an education-conscious society, this literate but unchallenged middle-class, middle-age electorate is a majority in many Congressional districts, and even in some states. It is an electorate that wants to be consulted. It grew up with "feedback" and "brainstorming" and it wonders why the techniques are applied everywhere but in politics.

The trick, for a political leader, is to turn its energies and needs into a useful channel. Packwood did so with his Dorchester conferences, realizing that by and large the desire was not for revolutionary change but for participation and dialogue.

For most who came to Lincoln City, the process itself is sufficient: to test the rusty intellect in new surroundings, among new friends; to be caught up in a flurry of respectable excitement; to dream Possible Dreams.

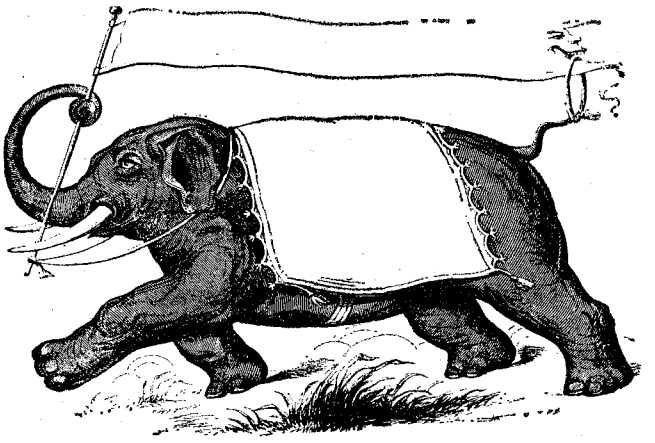
Once launched, the movement is potent, for the new convert carries a contagion. The Dorchester spirit was powerful enough in Oregon to capture the broad middle ground in 1968 and retire the state's best-known political figure, a man who had become a symbol of Oregon's political independence. Wayne Morse was one of the last of the great Prairie Progressives, in the mold of Robert La Follette of his native Wisconsin. His was the voice of righteous indignation, the plea for political morality in a jaded world.

The voice was heard by the old moralists who remembered the crusades of La Follette, of George Norris and Hiram Johnson. And by the new moralists on the campuses, rebelling against the CIA and napalm incineration. But the great, quiet middle ground was harking to a different trumpet. "Join me so that we might accomplish together what none of us will accomplish alone," was the conclusion of each Packwood speech.

Accomplish what? Few asked, for what was really important was the joining together, the common search for reason and consensus, the interaction of men of good will. There had already been too much shouting, too much passion. Packwood sensed this feeling, and provided it with a central personality around which to form. Like Eugene McCarthy, he saw that pent-up frustration must find a rallying point.

By 1968, his Dorchester gatherings had attracted more than 1,000 participants, and the more zealous were ready to fill key spots in Packwood's well-planned campaign. They spread across the state like a chain letter, each hand reaching for another, pulling it into the circle. In November the circle closed.

And in December, Packwood sent his friends a Christmas card bearing quotations from Emerson and Markham: "I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. . . . There is a destiny that makes us brothers; none goes his way alone."





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# ANGRY AND ALONE TOGETHER

**KENNETH G. GROSS**
*Mr. Gross has covered the New York City school strike for the* New York Post *since last May. He is the author, with Bernard Lefkowitz, of* The Victims *(to be published by Putnam's).*

> All those white kids are gonna make it. They can flunk out and they'll still make it. But I ain't got a chance in hell. I'm just here to decorate their campus, like some piece of African sculpture. Not a chance in hell!
> —*Student at Queens College*

From Logan Airport, it is a short drive through the Callahan Tunnel and out the Fitzgerald Expressway to Waltham, where wood-frame houses meant for some lonely country setting are jammed together like hunched subway riders, and the sullen occupants straggle down the bleak Massachusetts hills as the factory day begins. They are frugal with their smiles as they pass their neighbors on the road, and only an extra puff of steamy breath gives away a greeting.

It is different on the hill. There, appearing always to look down on Waltham, is the castle. It was built during the 1920s by a doctor who wanted to start a medical school and was driven to bankruptcy because of his unorthodoxy. It is a real castle and was once once used in a movie. Now it is part of Brandeis University, where some of Waltham's townfolk serve in the coffee shop. There are dozens of other buildings where Waltham people serve or clean and absorb tidbits for dinner conversation. Late on Saturday nights, after an evening in the bars, it is not uncommon for a pack of booted young Walthamites to wait for a lone Brandeis boy and beat him up. Their furies spent, they return to the hunched houses and know that the pretty girls still prefer the strange bearded boys of Brandeis who will not fight back.

On January 8, sixty-five black students at Brandeis marched into Ford Hall and told the switchboard operators that they were sorry, but the building had to be evacuated. Sorry, they told a professor, but he would have to dismiss his class and leave; the building was being seized. (The professor later charged that he was "dragged" from his classroom by fierce blacks, but others who were there say he was tugging at the black guy's sleeve.)

At that moment in New York City, the new president of Brandeis, Morris B. Abram, was polishing up a speech he was to make before a group of educators. The speech would have said that no school was a sanctuary in today's world and that black anger might be directed anywhere. Abram would remember the irony in the coming weeks.

At Queens College, meanwhile, a black youth named George was trying to explain to a white reporter why he felt such rage:

"I come here every day and it's as if they look right through me," he said. "No one knows me or talks to me." George is 22 and has served time for stealing a car. He was accepted by Queens College as part of SEEK (Search for Education, Evaluation and Knowledge), a new program to help ghetto youths. Of the 26,000 students at Queen's College, about 1,000 are black and 700 of those are enrolled in SEEK.

On that same Wednesday, January 8, Queens College was being closed down. The SEEK students had staged quiet raids in the faculty dining hall, first asking everyone to leave, then spilling tables and dishes; and in the library, where some records and shelves were emptied on the floor. They were trying to dramatize their demands for control of the SEEK program and of an Afro-American studies program. A 19-year-old white boy said that he had read the demands and agreed with them, but could never support the vandalism.

"When did you read them?" he was asked.

"After the library raid."

"You weren't aware that they had been making the demands for some time?"

"No. It was only after the raids."

At Brandeis, the 100 blacks registered in the TYP (Transitional Year Program, an equivalent of SEEK), had first presented their demands for some autonomy after the assassination of Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., in April of 1968. Specifically, they asked for majority representation on the committee that would select a head for the new Afro-American Studies Department. Morris Abram, then practicing law, sat in on the series of conferences with black students that began in July.

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The stings come quietly; without appearance of mischief; but poisonous. Things that won't register on the ethnic seismograph:

¶It can be the precise fawning of a girl who would love to date a black man but whose eyes are always counting the house.

¶"If one more white boy asks me on a library date to show his friends how liberal he is . . ." smoldered one black coed, unable to dream up the consequent reaction.

¶One day last year, a group of Harlem kids came to visit for the day. They had dinner in the student cafeteria and as the hall began to fill up with untamed blacks, a mood of terror built up under the quiet. The white students finished their meals with deliberation and left, and the black students knew how alone they really were at this Jewish-sponsored, nonsectarian institution.

¶"I put a sign on my door," said one girl. "It said, 'Jewish Power.' The girl next door, a Negro, put up a sign, 'White Pig.' I don't know why. I don't understand. It was a joke."

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The blacks took Ford Hall, a three-story communications center holding a $200,000 computer, across a campus road from the Bernstein-Marcus Administration Com-



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plex. Of the 2,600 students at Brandeis, 300 are considered radical, or at least leftist. They sport beards and mustaches and white affectations of "naturals" as proof of their social reliability, and their peace beads tinkle in the halls. Their most recent act of defiance was to stage a "sanctuary" for an AWOL soldier. But the Brandeis Left has a tendency to talk. Its members will discuss in splendid parliamentary style all the possibilities facing them; then someone will offer a motion to end debate and it will be hooted down, so impressed are the "lefties" with their own acoustical dazzle. It is rumored that the AWOL soldier endured as much of it as he could, then turned himself in.

Morris Abram is in his 50s, and his unseamed face breaks into a soft smile at the introduction of a New York journalist. He asks about his good friend, the reporter's publisher. His floor is padded with a gray carpet, and African *objets d'art* are scattered about the large room. He is at least 6 feet tall and plays touch football with his sons.

He says that he cannot understand why the blacks took Ford Hall. "I'm not going to *force* them out. I'm trying to entice them out. I will do everything that I can to entice them out. There are no circumstances which would cause me to initiate the use of force."

A tape recorder is going and Abram says nothing that could cause a blush. He will not close off the heat or electricity to Ford Hall; that would be a mean and petty act. But he does cut off the blacks from any help. He tells the press that he is moving to meet several of the demands and is presenting a compromise offer to the blacks. The Boston reporters hover and take it down, then rush to the telephones. The Boston papers have been full of shrill headlines about militant blacks ready to burst out from Ford Hall and descend on Waltham. The university press office is stocked with liquor and sandwiches; there is a portable TV. The reporters sit and listen to the TV and seldom budge to hear the dull debates of the "Left." Several of the men with graying crew cuts have come almost to blows with the long-haired "Left."

The compromise version that Abram was offering the holdouts in Ford Hall was dead before he sent it over. He knew that. Dean of Students Peter Diamandopoulis, chief architect of Abram's public image and the only top Brandeis administrator to be retained by the new regime, said that he knew it would not be accepted. Yet the press printed it and when the inevitable rejection came, Abram was able to say: "They are being inflexible; their position has not changed and in fact they have escalated their demands so that there are now really thirty-two instead of the original ten."

There were still ten demands, but in response to Abram's repeated insistence that they elaborate on them, the blacks had issued a clarification containing thirty-two points.

On a bulletin board outside President Abram's office are a few of his speeches, and pictures of him with Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., and with Massachusetts Sen. Edward Brooke. He was asked how he first learned of the seizure and if he had any advance warning.

"As God is my witness, I had no knowledge of any pent-up grievance with any urgency to it. As God is my witness.

"As God is my witness, I thought that the establishment, which I had pushed through, of a concentration in African and Afro-American studies—I thought when I got that through in October, I guess it was, that that issue was no longer on the front burner."

When did he first learn of the crisis?

"I hadn't been here for two weeks when the blacks said they wanted to see me. They wouldn't see my assistant—boy by the name of Roy deBerry of Holly Springs, Miss.

"Believe me, that was the only issue on which I, even with an early warning system, had had any knowledge. Lathan Johnson is on the payroll to inform me about these things. Whether he knew about it or not I do not know, but he never told me that we were about to have trouble or that people were up tight about something. . . ."

Of course, it would have been hard for Abram to check it out, since by then Johnson was inside Ford Hall with his black brothers. At Queens College, when the SEEK students held strategy sessions, black administrators were barred. "No false prophets," they were told.

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The SEEK kids were very tight. One day they marched across the Queens campus in military fashion, a leader at the front with a walkie-talkie and a file closer at the rear with another. There were flankers to keep away strangers and they did not smile. The white students stood awe-struck, watching the blacks moving across the courtyards. One boy called it "chilling," but a black girl who worked in the cafeteria said the sight was "thrilling."

"Are they together?" one black youth was asked of the SEEK students. "Yes," he replied. "We're together."

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Allen Grossman of the Brandeis English Department is a poet. He once was offered Peter Diamandopoulis' job at Brandeis, but he preferred obscurity. He is a Charles Laughton type, who rubs his wrists to help the circulation and manages to pull a woolen cap over his ears in the cold, without looking idiotic.

"The administration and the faculty have joined to protect their corporate privilege," he said one day in his cramped office after the "radical" Sociology Department had again decided to postpone any action. "That's quite strange, you see, since the faculty at one time was united to protect itself against the administration. But now the administration has grown and the faculty no longer feels threatened by that aspect, but rather by the students."

Grossman compared what was happening at Brandeis to what was going on in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, where the United Federation of Teachers chose to join forces with its traditional antagonist, the bureaucratic Board of Education in the fight against school decentralization, or student representation, or community control, depending on one's definition.

"The thing that so many of my colleagues fail to understand is that the students represent a legitimate constituency; that they have, and ought to have, a reasonable amount to say about the education they receive," Grossman said. "Of course, one should know the history of this



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thing before one goes off about it. At one time, the students came from a better class of people than the faculty. The faculty were essentially passive in life, and it was the students who were activists. Universities had to become relevant then, or they would have been disbanded. Now, however. . . . Blacks represent the only pluralistic element in the universities. Until the blacks arrived, everyone was agreed and doing the same things. The blacks are now struggling for that . . . pluralism."

A young, agonized sociology professor wanted to seize a building to show the blacks that they were not alone. But Grossman advised against it. "I don't trust anyone who isn't doing . . . their own thing," he said. "It is not the role of the faculty to act the student radical. Those who try that are merely 'copping out' on their true role, which is to deal with the faculty."

They had been in Ford Hall for ten days and the strain was becoming unbearable. The students argued and talked and about a score were on a hunger strike, but they were told again and again that they would alienate those of the faculty who were sympathetic if they did anything drastic. The most drastic thing anyone ever suggested was seizing another building in a parallel move. No one except the Boston papers talked of burning anything down.

"The trouble with these sorts of things," said Grossman, "is that they are deficient in resolvability. It is relatively easy to seize a building, but how does one unseize it?"

On the eleventh day, the blacks came out. They were silent about the terms of their surrender, but it was clear that they had surrendered. Abram was silent over his victory.

At Brandeis, the issues were clear. Not so at Queens College, where the director of the SEEK program was Joseph Mulholland, a 40-year-old social scientist whom the blacks had always counted as an ally. The charges against him were vague and the blacks even refused to talk about it. Mulholland, who had a poster of Malcolm X on his office wall, was simply not black. The issues at Queens were foggy, but the anger was not.

"I'm black." said Ralph, 19. "I can't take any lotion or pill and be white. I can't go home at night and play some other role. I'm black and I'm angry. I'm black and I want to hit somebody. I'm black and I'm alone at this damned place. All us blacks are alone here. We walk out the gates and we are under suspicion. The white home owners in Queens hold their breath until we pass their houses. They think we're all going to break in and steal something. The cops watch us until we're gone. I tell you that can piss a man off."

• • •

It is a few miles from Queens College to Franklin K. Lane High School, a huge Georgian, red-brick building that sits astride the Brooklyn-Queens border. The school is a small enclave surrounded by a decaying neighborhood of Irish and Germans and Italians where the German-American Bund was strong a few decades ago. There are few coffee shops or candy stores to cater to students, and there is an atmosphere of nervous apprehension that remains until the last black has boarded the BMT back to the ghetto. Junior High School 271—the focal point of

the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school battle—feeds Lane. There are 5,100 students at Lane; 66 per cent nonwhite. The 262 teachers are 90 per cent white. One day in January, a chemistry teacher named Frank Siracusa, age 30, heard a rock crash through his window. He ran into the vestibule where three black youths were waiting. They shot him with kerosene from a water pistol, then set his clothes on fire. They punched and kicked him; he went to the hospital.

There had been fourteen recent attacks on teachers at Lane. Siracusa, head of security patrols for the school, had been active in the neighborhood, urging stronger protective measures. Some members of the faculty believe that he was the target of a retaliatory attack. Police patrols were stationed inside the school.

One day in January, after the teacher had been burned, a black man stood silently before the teachers' mailboxes outside the principal's office. He was well over 6 feet and broad-shouldered. He had a part in his natural hair style. "What's he doing?" whispered a small gray-haired teacher to a male colleague.

Soon a crowd of other teachers stood just outside his earshot speculating about his presence. One brave soul was dispatched to ask, "Are you being helped?" The black man smiled and said, "Thank you, I'm just waiting."

The whispers grew and a nervous flock of men and women watched and waited and kept asking one another what the man was up to. Finally, a policeman was asked what could be done. Just then a grade adviser came out and said that the man was waiting for his transcripts, needed to enter college.

There was a moment of silence. Then one of the matronly women chirped: "But why is he studying the names on



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the mailboxes?" A male teacher thought for a moment. "Maybe," he said, "he wants to see which of his old teachers are still here."

A friend of Siracusa sat at a lunch table late in the afternoon of the attack. "Well, we're not going to live with fear," he said. "I think if the black people don't get into line, we'll either have to annihilate them or neutralize them. That's not as harsh as it sounds. It has happened in other societies. It may be the only way to deal with this."

The day after that quote appeared in a newspaper, the teachers attacked the reporter for printing it. They did not say how awful it was for someone to say such a thing. They were angry that it had been printed.

Circulars were passed around attacking "white Jewish racist pigs." One day a Confederate flag flew from the school mast and "Nigger" was chalked on the walls. It was only their own side that each saw threatened. Some white teachers snarled at black students in whom they saw only a threat. And some black students cursed white teachers, in whom they saw only a racist.

"It is easy to start these things," Allen Grossman had said. "But they are deficient in resolvability."

# THE RIGORS OF PLAY

**MIHALY CSIKSZENTMIHALYI**
*Mr. Csikszentmihalyi is chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.*

Statistics about play in America—more impressive every year—give one the optimistic impression that a nation boasting 22 million table-tennis players, 30 million ice skaters and 42 million boaters, among others, and at the latest count, must indeed be a paradise on earth. From the beginnings of civilization, philosophers have been repeating that play is the supreme manifestation of human freedom. Plato argued that life must be lived as play; Friedrich Schiller felt that man is completely a man only when he plays, and in our days Sartre has added that "as soon as man apprehends himself as free and wishes to use his freedom . . . then his activity is play." Therefore it would seem that the staggering increase in the number of participatory sportsmen and players on the American scene portends an unprecedented freedom pervading our society.

This conclusion, however, would be premature. The statistics, as is so often true of statistics, tend to be deceptive. In the first place, the figures relating to play suffer from the same kind of distortion that afflicts the uniform FBI crime reports, which also show phenomenal annual increases. The fact is that when the collection of data becomes more thorough, the number of cases reported increases. And those who gather statistics for players—or criminals—have often a vested interest in gradually inflating their figures.

More crucial is the question as to what these figures actually mean. The underlying assumption is that anybody engaged in a playful activity is in fact playing; that a game of chess, for instance, is a game of chess wherever it is played and however it is played—as long as the players follow the rules. This notion is akin to the deduction made by cheerful social commentators that the ubiquitous stereo sets and classical record albums are signs that the population is absorbing culture as rapidly as it ingests vitamins. Nobody bothers to ask if anyone is listening to those records; or if he is, whether he gets from them the same enjoyment that people used to get from live performances. It is possible that people do take advantage of the opportunities for listening to good music in their homes, but the point is that statistics about music shop sales are not at all a reliable indicator.

And numerical data aside, play has undergone some sharp qualitative changes in the past decades. Play is not what it used to be, and it is quite meaningless to quote figures on the number of participants when the player of today is not the same as the player of yesterday. Most of the changes can be summarized under the headings of increased specialization, quantification and reliance on equipment. Taken together, these changes have turned play into an activity which produces pay-offs, offers satisfactions, quite different from those provided by the games of our fathers. "Fun," which is the all-inclusive label we use to explain why we play, has become a much more limited and sterile experience.

Modern bowling, for instance, is the standardized, stereotyped descendant of its rustic ancestors, lawn bowling and the Mediterranean *boccie*. The older forms of the game allowed an individual flexibility of rules, of format, of play that is not possible now. The open-air alleys had a way of integrating the player with his natural environment and with the shifting group of spectators that the cavelike bowling alley actively discourages. Each alley was slightly different in size and composition, and the players could modify their playing field or learn to adapt to its idiosyncrasies. These differences in the character of the game have repercussions on the attitudes, and in the long run, on the personality of the player. Automated bowling encourages the player to concentrate on his score, since that is the only variable in an otherwise uniform environment. Hence the overblown emphasis on keeping scores, averages, records—the whole paraphernalia of quantification that reduces an otherwise multifaceted experience into a one-dimensional activity. It is true that the modern bowler is not altogether the creature of his stereotyped environment. An interesting sociological study has shown that bowlers develop individual grips, personal rituals and quirks, little touches that tend to break down the uniformity imposed by mass-produced rules, equipment, environment and standards of performance. Such results



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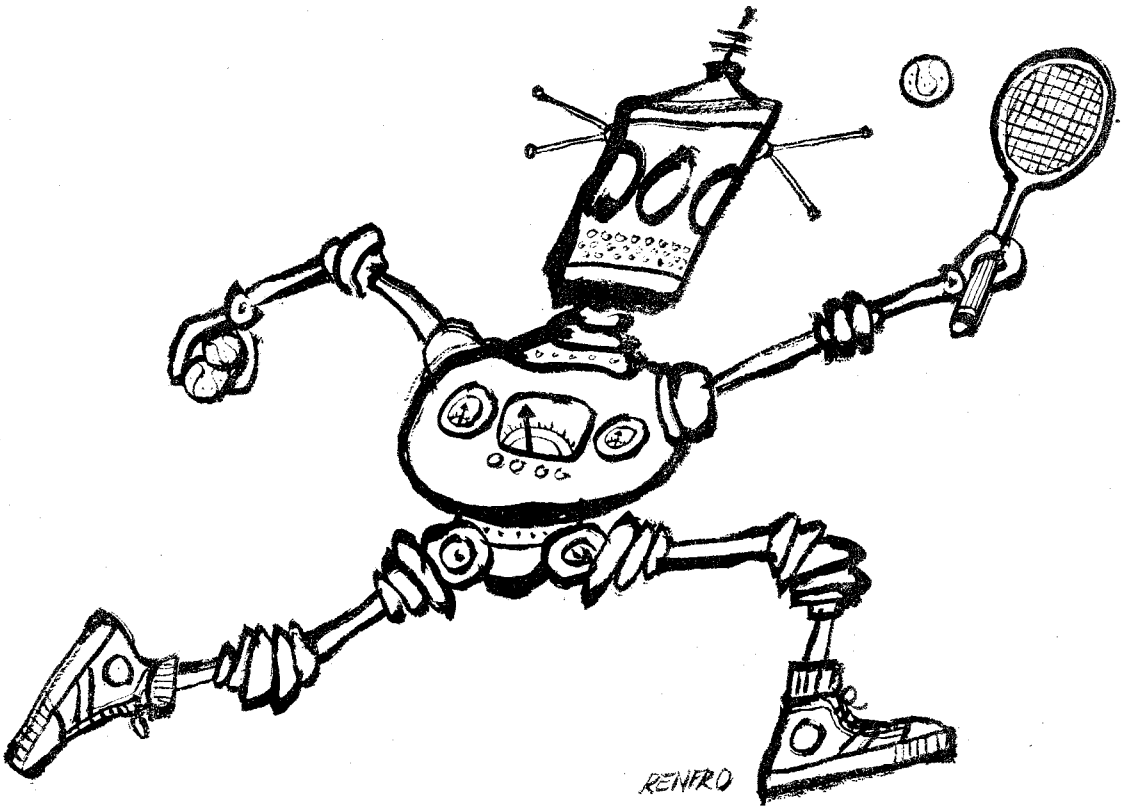


prove that grass can grow even in the cracks of a concrete pavement—but an open field is still something else.

Chess used to be a game that brought together two people in an exhilarating, abstract battle of wits. All one needed to enjoy it was any beaten-up set, two people, and perhaps some cups of coffee or shots of brandy. Today a chess player feels hopelessly amateur if he does not possess such necessities as tournament chess clocks, diagram pads (with stamping pads), spiral-bound or loose-leaf score books, perhaps a portable roll-up demonstration board with tripod base and, of course, a quantity of specialized chess books, including *Chess Secrets, Winning Chess Traps* and *Chess Traps, Pitfalls, Swindles*. It is just possible that all these playing aids and equipment have helped to raise the technical level of the average game. On the other hand, it is certain that the enjoyment one draws from the average chess session has decreased. The old game pitted two individual men against each other; they might never exchange a word, but while they faced each other they adapted to a common rhythm, they *participated*. Now with the clocks dictating the pace, the buzzers, the scores to chalk up, the various tactics to remember, each player is in the position of playing against an interchangeable dummy in whom he could hardly become interested as a human being. Incidentally, the only equipment that hasn't been improved over the years are the chessmen themselves, the only really necessary items for the game. They used to be personalized, imaginative, and handling them gave a half-sensuous, half-aesthetic pleasure. Now they are usually made of "practically unbreakable tenite" or some other such sterile feeling and looking gunk, and they are usually played on "exceptional rubberlike boards with plastic coating."

Perhaps the best example of the kind of changes that play has undergone in recent years is rock climbing. Rock climbing as an independent sport developed in the twenties and thirties, mostly at the hand of Bavarian, Austrian and Sud-Tyrolian Italian climbers who began to devote themselves to this form of specialized activity in preference to all-around mountain climbing. But rock climbing really came into its own only when it was transplanted to the United States. The layman who sees the line of stalwarts inching their way up sheer Yosemite crags might think of them as mountain climbers, but they are not and they are proud that they are not. The mountain climber, usually surrounded by friends whose company he enjoyed, approached the hills with something akin to reverence. When he climbed, he tended to appreciate the mountain in all its geological, aesthetic, historical and even spiritual, dimensions. Therefore he experienced pleasure at many levels. When he found rock, he climbed it; if he came on ice, he crossed it. He wasn't affronted by long approach marches or by bushwhacking.

The modern rock climber doesn't think in terms of mountains; his frame of reference, at most, is the rock face; more usually, it is a particular "pitch" or a specific "move." He cares not at all about history, aesthetics or the spirit. He gets no enjoyment from walking, from crossing ice. When he reaches the summit—if he reaches it; the summit is often irrelevant to a rock climb—he rarely spares a glance for the view. Check the gear, eat a bite, and down we go. Perhaps most important, companionship among the climbers often becomes reduced to the technical level only. Climbers stay together not because they enjoy one another's company but because their skills are



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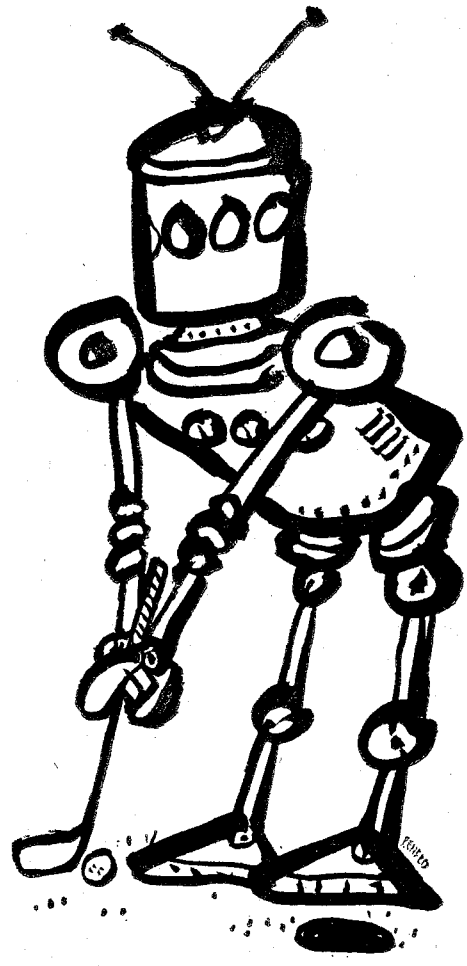

well matched and complement one another. The new breed of technical rock climbers has quantified each hold on every rock face of the earth, assigning to it a grade from 1 (very easy) to 6.9 (the limit of human possibilities). They have developed fantastically complex equipment for climbing, and this gear has to be cared for constantly and replaced as soon as possible. They have developed the "ultimate reality piton" made of chrome-molybdenum to hammer into hairline cracks.

The technical rock climber looks down on the traditional mountaineer, whom he suspects of hypocrisy and phoniness. How can the mountaineer pretend to enjoy climbing, when he takes no advantage of all the specialized skill and quantified knowledge, all the equipment that the rock climber uses? After all, the rock climber is infinitely better at scaling difficult peaks than the traditional mountaineer can ever hope to be. This proves that the latter is nothing but a bumbling amateur. And that is just the point—rock climbing, like most other forms of play from bridge to skiing, from swimming to walking (or jogging), has become a highly technical activity based on specialized skill, quantification, stereotyped rules and uniform equipment.

The significance of this change is the fact that if man is indeed most human when he plays, then his humanity is being steadily narrowed—even in those activities by which he should be able to develop his personality most freely. A man who climbs mountains can develop his personality around a variety of stimuli—interpersonal, aesthetic, etc. —but a man who climbs rock is interested only in the stimuli relevant to his technical competence. And there seems to be no question that a personality, a self-concept, developed almost exclusively through technical feedback is less interesting and flexible than a self which is shaped by a complex variety of stimuli. Its owner can relate to fewer people, its content can be relevant to fewer situations, its strength can be applied in fewer emergencies. A person whose self is built around technical competence—or exclusively around any one area of experience—contributes to that fragmented, anomic society of which everyone is always complaining. From the example of rock climbing, one can also see clearly the future of this general trend toward specialization. On the one hand, the technician becomes more and more proficient in his job, at the cost of being able to relate his expertise less and less to the rest of his or anybody else's life. On the other hand, the traditional mountain climber becomes more and more anachronistic, a slightly ridiculous personage who tries very hard, but inevitably falls short in quantifiable, objective achievement.

So play is changing everywhere from a complex, multidimensional activity which helped man to relate to his social and cultural environment, to a simple but extremely specialized activity which affords him greater and greater control over a small, and in itself insignificant, area of experience. The drift toward fragmented activities and experiences is hardly news: for centuries we have complained of the increasing sterility and meaninglessness produced by occupational specialization and technology. It is at least understandable that necessity forces modern man to become narrowly specialized in his work. But why can't he be free when he plays?

**RALPH McGILL** (*Continued from page 198*)

tric idealism began to draw back in consternation from developments which enactment of the program had set in motion.

In his last column McGill warned the new Secretary of HEW what to expect if he finally yields to Southern pressure to "relax" desegregation guidelines. With patience and clarity he explained once again that "freedom of choice" is neither freedom nor a choice, but discrimination by another name. And he warned the Secretary that, in the end, it would not be "good politics" to appease the segregationists. "It will be," he wrote, "the greatest tragedy with the most foreboding consequences if public school officials are allowed to perpetuate dual systems."

The column, to be sure, appeared in the *Constitution*, but somehow one sensed that while Ralph McGill had responded to the new times the paper had not. (Although he held the title of editor and publisher, McGill never in fact controlled the paper. See "Atlanta in Suspense" by Arlie Schardt, *The Nation*, December 23, 1968.) The best reporting on the South today—by Jack Nelson, who once worked on the *Constitution*—now appears in a newspaper published on the other side of the continent, the *Los Angeles Times*. But to the last, Ralph McGill's voice lent distinction to the *Constitution*. He was a journalist of talent and skill; of courage, understanding and compassion.



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## The Epic of Tropbanana

STRONG WIND. *By Miguel Angel Asturias. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Delacorte Press. 242 pp. $6.95.*

**EMILE CAPOUYA**
*Mr. Capouya is a writer, and executive editor at Funk & Wagnalls.*

Originally published in Spanish in 1962, this novel is the first of a projected trilogy set in an unnamed but representative Central American country. For the population of the region, Negro, Creole and Indian, the conditions of life are fixed by a primitive native agriculture and by the imperial fortunes of Tropical Banana, Inc., a composite for enterprises like United Fruit and the Grace Line. The brief, intense narrative begins at a time when North Americans are undertaking to clear great tracts of coastal land and plant the banana groves. To their successors, the corporate officials, those first engineers and managers will seem visionaries, pursuing their grandiose project out of some demanding ideal inflicted upon them by their puritan creed of justification by works. Almost at once, the generation of ascetic pioneers is replaced by expatriate clerks whose business it is to administer the new, industrialized agriculture and, indirectly, the country's economy and politics. As the home office in Chicago may direct, they also advance seed and credit to independent growers, and they buy or refuse to buy the crop.

During this period the people of the coast have undergone a reciprocal evolution, from depressed peasantry to agricultural proletariat. A few have prospered to the extent of owning their own plot of ground. These are the independent growers, but their lives are as subject to the vagaries of a distant market as are those of the laborers who work directly for Tropbanana.

Under what sign have these great changes taken place—migration of capital, migration of men, the transformation of a landscape, a revolution in the mode of life? Well, the region was originally selected as the scene for an enormous experiment in industrialized agriculture because it was thought not to be subject to the *viento fuerte*, the great wind that periodically ravages that part of the world; but the wind arises, and destroys the plantations, the small holdings, and two of the central figures of the story.

The novel's inspiration is baroque. Its scenes generally have surreal elements, whether because of explicit symbolism, heightened language, hallucinatory episodes, or a deliberately disjointed and fragmentary quality. That is true whether Mr. Asturias is dealing with the impoverished rustic gentry of the highlands, the laborers and overseers of the banana groves, or the company officials, Yankee and Latin, whose work and recreation are a kind of routinized violence. The effect is one of brilliant impressionism. The country steams and shimmers by day, and is seen at night as if in flashes of lightning. The style of the novel is greatly varied. It offers the colloquial speech of the workers, and the speech of the company executives that is sometimes mannered as in drawing-room comedy, and sometimes philosophic or poetic as in eclogue. Finally, there is the perfervid tone and luxuriant vocabulary of the narrative proper, recalling some French writer of the *fin de siècle*, and has exotic preoccupations—say, Pierre Loti or Maurice Barrès. That varied utterance and the novel's hectic, episodic scenes convey the sense of time passing swiftly, of a land made over but presenting a shape that cannot endure.

The chief actors in the story are Leland and Lester Mead, and the family of Adelaido Lucero. Lucero appears first as a laborer in the heroic period of the planting of the banana groves; later he becomes a company foreman who has managed to buy land for his sons, hoping to make them self-sufficient farmers. Leland has divorced her first husband, Tropbanana's regional director, to marry Lester Mead, a beachcomber and remittance man who appeals to her romanticism. They too become fruit growers on a small scale, and when Tropbanana refuses to buy the crop produced by the independents, they organize a farmers' cooperative. The association buys a truck and makes deliveries to the capital, selling the fruit at retail. But on one of his trips, Mead finds that Tropbanana has been there ahead of him, giving away fruit so that there should be no market for the association's produce.

Local merchants refuse to sell necessary supplies to Mead, an accident is arranged for the truck at a railroad crossing, two of the farmers in the cooperative are jailed on invented charges. After attempts to bargain and to appeal to Tropbanana's better nature, Mead journeys to New York. It is now revealed that he is a principal stockholder in Tropbanana. He presents a report to the board of directors in which he argues that there is more profit in running the plantations on Socialist principles. The report is accepted, and Mead returns triumphant to the subtropics. But meanwhile there has been a strike against the company, and other portents—including a case of possession, the victim being one of Lucero's sons. At last nature itself revolts. The great wind levels the plantations, and kills Leland and Lester Mead.

The novel is best understood as myth. Asturias gives every indication that he is certainly not trying to write a "realistic" novel. Instead, he invents a tale that is meant to lead the reader toward another reality than the conventions of the realistic novel envisage—that is, to an intuitive understanding of the significance of historical forces. In this way, for example, the beachcomber's transformation into a middle-class entrepreneur, and his further mutation into a tycoon with Populist and Socialist impulses, might be understood as suggesting the disintegrative tendencies within a ruling class and the varying strategies it adopts, consciously and unconsciously, as the moment of its dominion passes. And indeed such tendencies are now appearing in our country, as well as in its imperial outposts. Nevertheless, any such attempt at literal interpretation is intrinsically foreign to the spirit of the book, whose ambitions look toward epic rather than toward "the novel of social significance." We must read the other volumes of the trilogy before judging what success attends the author's larger aims. There is no doubt, meanwhile, that Mr. Asturias is unusually talented, with a gift for comedy that illuminates his somewhat Gothic constructions. Most important, he has a full measure of the indefinable stage presence that gives authority to a writer.

Gregory Rabassa, the able translator, has, on internal evidence, met and solved many problems in his English version. Some may be insoluble. The English title of the novel, literally faithful to the Spanish original, strikes my ear as impossible; it is of that class of difficul-



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ties which arise from the fact that languages are not mutually corresponding sets of signs. In the same way, it is perhaps inevitable that Rabassa's rendering of the speech of the workers is the least satisfactory part of his translation. The cultural preconceptions expressed in their language are truly foreign to us, and not masked by a learned vocabulary that is more or less international. This is one of those cases in which a first-rate translator—and Rabassa's English version of Julio Cortázar's *Rayuelas* testifies to his virtuosity—must willingly incur obloquy for the sake of his fellow countrymen, attempting the impossible so that we may have some access to a good book conceived in another tongue.

# New Look at Abolitionists

MEANS AND ENDS IN AMERICAN ABOLITIONISM: Garrison and His Critics on Strategy and Tactics, 1834-1850. *By Aileen S. Kraditor. Pantheon Books. 296 pp. $7.95.*

**EDWARD MAGDOL**
*Mr. Magdol is the author of* Owen Lovejoy, Abolitionist in Congress *(Rutgers University Press).*

A more misunderstood and misinterpreted band of radicals and reformers than America's abolitionists is hard to find. After five generations we are just getting around to discovering who they were and what they really thought and said. At last a trickle of biographies have begun to come forward, and now, happily, this work on the conflicting "how to do it" theories of the anti-slavery movement by Aileen S. Kraditor, who is also the author of two books on the woman suffrage movement and American feminism.

Once the reader jumps the hurdle of the book's full formidable title, its contents are engaging and absorbing. This sober study of Garrisonian abolitionism, and of its opponents within the broader anti-slavery movement, is tough-minded and humane, very much the qualities of William Lloyd Garrison himself, the editor of *The Liberator* from 1831 to 1865.

Garrison agitated and educated his fellow Americans to recognize the sin of slavery, their complicity in it, and finally the need for immediate and unconditional abolition of the system. Such a stand was a sharp break with the benevolent gradualism that existed in the minds of many well-meaning people. It was significantly a bold and necessary affront to the colonization schemes at the time —proposals to solve the "Negro question" (but not the white) by a fanciful and racist mass expulsion of the blacks.

Admittedly, Miss Kraditor has not touched on all aspects of abolitionist history. She feels that the basic decisions on strategy and tactics were made within the time limits she sets. But one more chapter on the massive events between the Compromise of 1850 and the Emancipation Proclamation would have illuminated those new events which changed old ideas and old relationships. In any event, Miss Kraditor has scored brilliantly within her chosen limits.

She undertakes an explanation of the split in abolitionist ranks between 1837 and 1840 as the main thesis of her book, attributing the fundamental cause of the schism to basic differences over social philosophy. The "radicals" were those who believed with Garrison that America's immorality, with slavery the worst of its sins, required fundamental changes in American "institutional structure and ideology." Opposed to them were "conservative" abolitionists, or reformers, who saw "Northern society [as] fundamentally good," and who would abolish slavery as a deviation in order to preserve the North's "basically moral arrangements." Differences in theory led to a conflict over the proper mode of agitation for abolition. Her distinctions are by and large valid, although, as the author shows, some overlapping occurred between the factions. Moreover, this approach is a sane departure from the "personality conflict" explanations of some historians.

The bitter debates and inner organizational struggles that followed from such basic differences find a clear and careful historian in Miss Kraditor. Striking observations and new insights run throughout the book. One worth quoting points to the necessary and complex task of breaking the power of the slave system while it points away from the radicals' individualistic terms of struggle:

> Paradoxically the reformist abolitionists were more radical than they realized; or rather, their demand for the abolition of slavery linked with the establishment of political and civil equality of the races would require an alteration in American society more drastic than they thought or were by temperament prepared for. And the *nonresistants [Garrisonians]* were less radical than they imagined, for they had no profound understanding of the nature of power and the conditions for its overthrow.

The book's focus on conflict tends to strengthen a prevailing impression of the abolitionists as sectarians who were merely raising ideological hackles on both sides. (One of the lighter ironies is to find each side accusing the other of sectarianism.) At first, both the tactic of moral suasion and that of expedient political action seem to have failed. But when such abolitionists as Frederick Douglass and Owen Lovejoy combined the two tactics in the 1850s, they found themselves denouncing the sin of slavery to audiences larger than those they had faced in the 1840s, gaining wide acceptance and winning elections while paving the way, with Garrison, for abolition. There is therefore more to be said about the unity of tactics and the tactic of unity, if not in this book then perhaps in others to come.

One of the more remarkable achievements in the book is the vigorous rehabilitation of Garrison through a deep look at his thinking on strategy and tactics, his uncompromising devotion to freedom of speech, thought and behavior and, above all, his extraordinarily consistent logic. (Truman Nelson, in his introduction to a selection of Garrison's editorials, *Documents of Upheaval*, calls him "one of the most seminal of American thinkers.") But there were inconsistencies in Garrison's thinking, and Miss Kraditor also deals with them very well.

Particularly notable is her handling of the abolitionists' sincere effort to join hands with the labor movement. The approaches on both sides broke down fundamentally over ideas about the nature of social change. Miss Kraditor makes it convincingly clear that labor and abolition had common grounds for joint struggle. She also views Garrison's alleged "hostility" toward labor in relation to the systems of labor exploitation and chattel slavery, shedding much needed light on this failure of the radicals.

The author admits to having begun her work with a "rather negative opinion" of Garrison, derived mainly from reading secondary works. But in his letters she found Garrison to be conciliatory, frankly uncertain about some of his opinions, and desirous of discussion in his paper, *The Liberator*. To her delight, and ours, she also found him occasionally witty, "at his own expense." The former portrait of a man "bullheaded, arrogant, vindictive, and incredibly blind to some obvious truths," dissolved. Most impressive was Garrison's "logical consistency on all subjects." Generous quotations amply bear out her more favorable impressions.

The clash of ideas on strategy and tactics in the 1830s and 1840s will strike a responsive chord in participants in contemporary movements for social



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change. Too, conservatives might identify with some of the people they find in this book. But the book will surely be taken to heart, especially by young people trying to sort out their approaches to social change. Indeed, this book is intended as one of numbers of historical studies so that "current movements for change will be able to benefit by the lessons of their predecessors' successes and failures."

*Means and Ends in American Abolitionism* is a necessary and deeply impressive book; it helps to bury the myth of the vain, doctrinaire, fanatical and crazy abolitionists of some latter-day historians. Instead of such fantasies, one finds in Miss Kraditor's reconstruction of the debates serious men and women whose views and modes of expression merit respect. (On those distorting historians whom she implicitly puts to shame, one should look back also at Louis Ruchames, "The Historian as Special Pleader," *The Nation*, November 24, 1962.)

Finally, the book has some light touches of entertainment which pop up in splendid one-line footnotes, where some scholars' arguments get their comeuppances for errors in fact, judgment and bias.


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# Commonplaces About Women

THINKING ABOUT WOMEN. *By Mary Ellmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.95.*


**GEORGE STADE**

*Mr. Stade teaches English at Columbia University.*


In this book at least, Mary Ellmann is not directly concerned with women as they are. "I am most interested in women as *words*—as the words they pull out of mouths." Her primary concern is with woman as rumor.

As current literary gossip, or rumor in its aspect of invidious comparison, has it: "the feminine is the not fully conscious, not fully assembled, the intemperate, incoherent, hysterical, extravagant and capricious." Women are fanciful, but unimaginative; complacent, compliant, passive, yet dominating; grossly material, anemically genteel, narrowly pious; drabs of restraint and bawds of the new-fangled; fleshliness itself, yet quick to contaminate sex with obligation; scatterbrained, yet calculating; at once the type of men's aspirations, the source of their inspiration, and the cause of their failure; if not bitches, then witches, all of them.

Each of their characteristic virtues is gamy with an implicit vice: their chastity smacks of frigidity; their intuition, of irrationality; their motherhood, of smotheration; their practicality, of an incapacity for grasping "subtle principles of conduct, large aspirations, bold errors, grand designs." Praise for women tends to be condescending or left-handed; they are celebrated for childbearing, as Negroes used to be complimented for their sense of rhythm—in order to point up their generic mindlessness; and "the domestic functions which are strenuously urged upon American women who are not yet involved in them are precisely the sources of complaint against the women who are."

The commonplaces about women that Mrs. Ellmann exposes proliferate so crazily and stand in such contradictory relationships to one another, that were women "to believe that all opinions about them are true, they would also have to believe that there is too much truth." Their chief effect is to "coarsen judgment and limit choice"; "the individual is assumed into the sex and loses all but typical meaning within it." The unifying assumption of these attributions is that "femininity must disparage," that "femaleness is a congenital fault, rather like eczema or Original sin."

The pervasiveness of this assumption, in modern fiction and criticism, the hostility and revulsion that informs it, as these attitudes inform an appalling number of ancient saws, fashionable clichés, fictional stereotypes, will distress anyone who considers himself a man of good will or of liberal ideas. He will surely find that he has allowed himself to entertain ungenerous opinions just because they were easy to come by and gratifying to savor. Mrs. Ellmann's own fair-mindedness, her refusal to contend and her freedom from cant, makes the demonstration the more discomfiting. But where, we begin to ask, did so much dislike for one-half of humanity come from?

Mrs. Ellmann gradually works her way to a kind of answer: "By whatever accident control is placed in one human group, another will assume the characteristics of contradiction." Women are presented as the obverse of whatever men think of as their own definitive virtues, as Negroes were always presented as the negative of whatever their masters thought of as defining their own right to rule. Women, like Negroes, "have been repeatedly allied to frivolity, improvidence, guile, and disobedience." No doubt Spartans and seigneurs so allied Helots and serfs. And "when the imagination insists upon a form in opposition to reality, the effect must perhaps always be one of simplification." These simplifications are coercive—the controller thinks of those he controls as he needs to think of them in order to remain in control; few among those he controls will have what it takes to make their disagreement audible; many will not even know they disagree, at least while the control is exerted with the remorselessness of perfect self-confidence.

Masculine self-confidence is eroding a bit, thinks Mrs. Ellmann. Strength, the chief physiological trait of masculinity, and reproductive capacity, the chief physiological trait of femininity, are now "socially gratuitous, obsolescent." The kinds of sexual characterization that steadied our fathers now seem comic, pompous, forced. "When Norman Mailer talks about feisty men and languid women, one touches the past." In an increasing number of recent writers, Mrs. Ellmann sees "a divorce from the reaching of conclusions," a turn to "the essential anarchy of detachment. The sense develops of how much that is peculiar cannot and need not be changed." For all that, she sees no more likelihood of an end to sexual characterization than of an end to sexual intercourse. Moreover, tedious as the characterizations are, "imagine the tedium *without* them!"

For all the insight and wit of *Thinking About Women*, for all the incisiveness and intelligence, the book falls just short of satisfying entirely. For one thing, there are a number of curious mistakes. It is not true, to take a typical example, that "all imagined forms of fear and punishment, like God and the Devil, are masculine." How can Mrs. Ellmann have missed all the death-goddesses, vampires, sorceresses, crones, succubi, Erinyes, Harpies, sirens, Fates, assorted loathly ladies and voracious vaginas that populate the world's religions, mythologies, literatures?

This oversight is related to another




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## LEARNING

*We sat on the steps. The graduate student*
*Rested his scrawny neck on the edge*
*Of one of them, and then*
*The juggernaut professor with bull shoulders*
*Lurched across the lawn.*
*In the mammoth skull the eyes glittered*
*Like knives, the great intelligence*
*Wallowed in its pride*
*And the graduate student laughed.*

*We were all drunk, and I*
*Also a student, sat*
*And watched, while the ham hands*
*The red knuckles approached*
*That thin boy with one leg*
*Half an inch shorter than the other.*

*A whippoorwill spoke.*
*The mountain breathed*
*Silently, behind our backs,*
*And suddenly, with no warning*
*Stood like a house above the student,*
*And the hands grasped,*
*And held, and started to throttle*
*The helpless chicken neck.*

*I could not believe —*
*Because I was a student, I suppose*
*I could not bear to look*
*At what I was starting to see.*

*I put my hands*
*On his hands*
*Right over the neck, as children play*
*Games of counting out.*
*Stop it, I cried, Professor*
*Remember your position*
*Wondering how I knew, or if*
*He heard, or if there was any intelligence left*
*In him, or any of us.*

*As for the graduate student*
*(Who got free)*
*I only cared to keep him alive*
*To go on learning if*
*There was anything left to learn*
*At this school, or any other.*

PATRICIA GOEDICKE

## THREE POEMS

1

*In the huge snow blizzard*
*the traffic lights go on and off*
*red, green, in the wild dim day;*
*the angels disregard them*
*having other signals.*

2

*Two pigeons*
*slowly walking on a limb*
*seem to be in academic procession.*

3

*Be ardent, reader*

*Our eyes must be like the suns*
*to open the flowers of words.*

JOHN TAGLIABUE

## GEOMETRY
(Translated by Victor Contoski)

*A line is straight*
*since Pythagoras*
*with a piece of blessed chalk*
*drew it on the chimney*

*For a thousand years*
*stretched like a string*
*the line stands at attention*
*for humanity*

*It is very tired by now*
*and dreams only*
*of rolling itself into a ball*

JERZY HARASYMOWICZ

## TWO WINTER PIECES

1

*Wrapped in artificial fur*
*to my nose, I am mistaken*
*constantly for people I hardly*
*resemble. I can't conceive*
*why, unless it is we are*
*disfigured by the same snow,*
*squint-eyed Tibetans*
*on pilgrimage.*

2

*The snow fell continuously until*
*it stopped falling and then*
*as if nothing had happened*
*everything was still.*

*I switched on the radio to hear*
*snow had fallen continuously*
*until it stopped falling.*
*The weather now is clear.*

SAUL TOUSTER



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source of dissatisfaction: the inadequacy of Mrs. Ellmann's remarks on how all these opinions on women came into being—clearly the situation of American women is only in a very rough way analogous to that of American Negroes. Any collection of public delusions with a long history serves an important social function. We have our fantasies about women because we need them, whether the need is species-characteristic, social or individual. And clearly one of the functions of certain fantasies about women (including those that tie them to imagined forms of fear and punishment) is to control and allay the quivering terror or abject funk that most men from time to time, and some men frequently feel, when they think about women.

To see the invidious comparisons that men make and many women accept as no more than a conspiracy of gossip to keep the hussy in her kitchen is to miss the powerful emotions out of which they arise, the communal horrors they express, the unhappiness they cause both to those who make them and to those who are unmade by them, and so to miss the difficulty of disestablishing them.

# Book Marks

**CHARLES STEIN**

*Mr. Stein is the author of two books of poems,* Provisional Measures *(Gnomon Press), and* The Virgo Poem *(Angel Hair Books).*

Cape Goliard, London, and Grossman Publishers, New York, have collaborated in producing a distinguished series of books of poetry representing poets on both sides of the Atlantic, of varying fame. No particular school or trend is represented. Each volume has received distinctive book-design treatment, with individual type face, layout and art work. The series has done justice to the several fine writers it includes, and has given poetry of lesser merit a most advantageous presentation. Some of the books already published in this continuing series are discussed below.

IN . ON . OR ABOUT THE PREMISES. *By Paul Blackburn. Cape Goliard Grossman. 56 pp. $4.50. Paper $2.50.*

Two small groups, *The Ale House Poems* and *The Bakery Poems,* are included in this handsome collection of Blackburn's work. These are fast-paced, open-form poems, whose witty surfaces belie a darker, almost desperate content: Bowery derelicts, barroom situations of various descriptions, urban characters in urban poses. Blackburn assumes a number of voices in his poems which realize a compassion that is at once generous and alarming. The poems' matter-of-fact diction and the poet's suggested identification with his characters save him from self-congratulation and make his material potent and immediate. Disparate aspects of a given moment are presented: in one poem, the assassinated President McKinley is lowered in his tomb as a shopkeeper finishes making love to his typist. The connection between these events is that they are observed (really by the poetry, not the poet) at the same time, as part of the same occasion. Time is felt as the *subject* of the poetry. Simultaneity does not merely unite disjunct happenings, but taken together, happenings reveal a meaning of the moment in which they occur.

T.V. BABY POEMS. *By Allen Ginsberg. Cape Goliard Grossman. 36 pp. $4. Paper $2.50.*

Several of the poems in this book have been reprinted in Ginsberg's new collection, *Planet News,* City Lights Books. The Grossman edition, however, does offer an engaging frontispiece photo of Ginsberg as guru. The key piece in the book, "Television Was A Baby Crawling Toward That Death Chamber," addresses itself apparently to atomic holocaust: "either we blow ourselves up now and die. . . ." No alternative is given. Appropriately. What follows is ruled by a vision that might equally apply to a doomsday nuclear explosion, a prophetic revelation, or an acid trip. In fact, these three are mutually resonant in terms of poetic meaning. Though the poem lacks the clear structure of "Howl" or the consistent context of writing while high of "Ether," the language and content at any given point is exciting and absorbing. In it, Ginsberg holds forth on a myriad of things: the media, Standard Oil, the molecular structure of consciousness, of the universe. As in surrealism where images collapse into other images, here contexts collapse into contexts with surety and rapidity. The book also includes a moving elegy for the late Frank O'Hara.

THE MOST DIFFICULT AREA. *By Kenneth White. Cape Goliard Grossman. 48 pp. $4. Paper $2.50.*

Kenneth White is advertised on the jacket as feeling "a kinship with Chinese Mystics and Celtic Visionaries." Whitenesses, silences, star-bursts, rare dead birds: the props of mysticism are there. The spirit is not. Such images abound in Mr. White's work, but they seldom either induce or bear witness to a convincing visionary experience. White's rhythms are for the most part uninteresting, and his formal organization comes out of the open-form bag of tricks: regular repetition of lines or images at embarrassingly predictable intervals. An occasional arresting metaphor proves on second reading to be merely original. "Metaphysical" words and phrases appear in places in the poems where they are meant to feel surprising, but do not.

PAAVO HAAVIKKO: Selected Poems. *Translated by Anselm Hollo. Cape Goliard Grossman. 64 pp. $4.50. Paper $2.95.*

As Anselm Hollo writes in his introduction, Haavikko is a "meditative" poet. He is present in his poems as the mind before which the poem's voice articulates itself. He thus stands outside the current split in poetic practice between those who write for the "eye" and those who write for the "ear." His presentations occur in a mythical and sparse Northern landscape, a silent atmosphere that is an externalizing of the inner silence against which the words of the poem arise. "The Winter Palace," the longest work in the book, is divided into nine poems composed of fragments of various lengths. In Haavikko, the poet's "voice" represents itself as a bird, often vanishing into or passing by out of the "Dark North." At times the poet is the bird, at times he wishes to be the bird, wishes to be at one with his voice, to find a place in his poetry for himself. The relationships between poet, voice, winter, bird, woman and Northern European history are complex, yet established quietly and unobtrusively. Hollo's fine translation supports his claim that Haavikko is an important poet deserving of international readership and reputation.

KITCHEN POEMS. *By J. H. Prynne. Cape Goliard Grossman. 26 pp. $4. Paper $2.95.*

J. H. Prynne is one of several British poets influenced and in a sense schooled by Charles Olson. *Kitchen Poems* consists of four pieces which are more verselike arguments than poems. They are oddly reminiscent of Olson in concern as well as specific diction, though Prynne's sound, if not perfectly lucid, is at least his own. Like Olson, Prynne's concerns are history, economics, epistemology, methodology. Unlike Olson, the poems read as difficult abstract arguments, though more than once "abstraction" is condemned. For the reader of poetry who delights in the music of language, imagery and thought, Prynne has little to offer, and his works are extremely difficult in content. If, however, the reader takes pleasure in following an interesting intellect through his thinking in verse, he will find this book rewarding.



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# MUSIC / David Hamilton

A logical response to the announcement that the New York Philharmonic was commissioning, for its 125th anniversary season a year ago, works from such composers as Elliott Carter, Luciano Berio, Gunther Schuller, Milton Babbitt, and even Karlheinz Stockhausen, might well have been "Why?" None of these men —all very different composers—could be expected to produce works accessible to the Philharmonic's regular audience, which has been allowed to remain substantially ignorant of major facets of 20th-century music, and specifically of those aspects that form the background for the work of the men in question. The orchestra's management (or whatever part was responsible for the commissioning) was obviously not acting in response to subscriber demand—and the possibility that the orchestra's members were the constituency to be served by these commissions is patently absurd.

Thus if the Philharmonic intended anything more than a publicity gesture, the motivation for the commissions must have been approximately as follows: "These men are among the composers most respected by their colleagues, and we feel that they should have an opportunity to write works for large orchestra, and to have them performed; and we owe our audience an opportunity to hear their music." There was perhaps a longer-range thought: "If the Philharmonic and similar institutions are to survive, they must make certain that the best musical minds of today are enlisted to create works employing the symphony orchestra. The time has passed when composers are willing to write orchestral music 'on spec,' but perhaps some of the music we commission will demonstrate the employability of the orchestra in these new idioms."

Whether or not just these particular lines of thought were involved, some such "educational-cultural" view of the orchestra's function and responsibilities must have prompted these commissions, and that is well and good. But has the commissioning arm of the Philharmonic any relation to its programming arm, beyond arranging for performance of the new works? At one level, have the orchestra members sufficient experience with music of this order and type of difficulty to be able to cope respectably within the normal limitations of rehearsal time? And, at another, will these works be heard by an audience prepared, both in attitude and in experience, to profit from hearing them?

The answer to the last two questions is certainly negative—from which one may plausibly infer that the first question, too, must be answered negatively. Schuller's *Triplum* was presented during the 1967 summer festival, and thus to a nonsubscriber audience, but the performance was less than satisfactory (a recording made at that time is issued on Columbia MS-7052). Berio side-stepped the problem with characteristic ingenuity by writing a piece specifically tailored to Philharmonic audiences, who, if they know nothing else, certainly know Mahler's Second Symphony by now (see *The Nation*, November 4, 1968). The Carter and Stockhausen works are still to come, but the performance of Milton Babbitt's *Relata II* (at the concerts of January 16, 17, 18 and 20) brought into clear focus what was even fairly apparent at the presentation, last season, of less conspicuously "new" works by Copland and Sessions (and even, I am reliably informed, Roy Harris): "normal" conditions at the Philharmonic comprise a singularly unfortunate environment for the presentation of serious new music.

Babbitt's work is, indeed, of exceptional difficulty, and this was recognized in the rather special measures taken by Bernstein (mostly at the price of still further extra work for himself, it should be noted) to gain rehearsal time, including the programming of a Mozart violin sonata (played by Stern and Bernstein) and a Brandenburg concerto, so that the full orchestra had only the Prokofiev D-major Violin Concerto to prepare in addition to *Relata II*. The result, by the time of the fourth concert, Monday night, was surprisingly adequate, despite continuing deficiencies of detail (on Friday and Monday, the piece was conducted by Boris Brott, one of the assistant conductors, who demonstrated a remarkable capacity for projecting the work's shape even when important components were missing; we shall surely hear more of him in the future).

Of course, the closer the performance drew to adequacy, the more ironic the fundamental situation became. There was no broadcast, no recording, so that the almost exclusive beneficiary for all the exertions by Bernstein, Brott and the players was the Philharmonic subscription audience—which for the most part simply wasn't interested. And those who *were* interested found it exceptionally difficult to gain admittance, for the same device of programming that saved rehearsal time also brought a rush on the box office by people who wanted to hear the Stern-Bernstein duo. Furthermore, the marked improvements in execution over the four performances made no impact on the major reviewers, who attended only on Thursday, so that most published reports on the piece were based on what was, in effect, little more than a public run through.

(The fact that the majority of press comment about the Philharmonic's concerts is made on the basis of a single hearing—thus almost automatically dooming works of any significant complexity to miscomprehension and misrepresentation—is but another reason for assuming an educational-cultural, rather than a public relations, function for these commissions. The degrees of factual inaccuracy, intellectual muddling, and philosophical pretension in the reviews of *Relata II* are more than I can bear to explore; a notable exception was the *Boston Globe*, where Michael Steinberg devoted two informative and probing Sunday columns to the work and the issue its performance raised.)

In fact, the only efforts that were not to some extent dissipated were those of the composer, for it is clear that *Relata II* embodies excitingly new conceptions of orchestral sonority, timbral juxtaposition—most obviously some far-reaching octave doublings, whose gradual clarification at successive performances was one bench mark for measuring executive improvement—and the relation of timbral characteristics to rhythmic density. The gestural aspect is exceptionally prominent in the brief, arresting introduction and "extroduction," and elsewhere seems to play a greater role than it did in the composer's earlier instrumental music.

I will not, on such limited acquaintance, comment on the work's structure, but the clear articulation of its main divisions and the parallels among their internal progressions suggest what will probably emerge in further listening. Even under the present limitations, *Relata II* could be perceived to be an unmistakably significant contribution, and there can be little doubt that it will be performed again, and more satisfactorily.

But if the Philharmonic is really serious in viewing the encouragement and propagation of music such as Babbitt's as one of its functions—and there is every reason why it should—then it ought to extend that seriousness to embrace the provision of adequate rehearsal time and to undertake the education of its present audience (or the acquisition of a new one). Otherwise, the efforts expended are out of all proportion to the results achieved. They will continue to be so, as long as the audience that comes to Lincoln Center is encouraged to come for the wrong reasons.

Between the Berio and Babbitt premières, the Philharmonic offered a remarkable dearth of contemporary mu-



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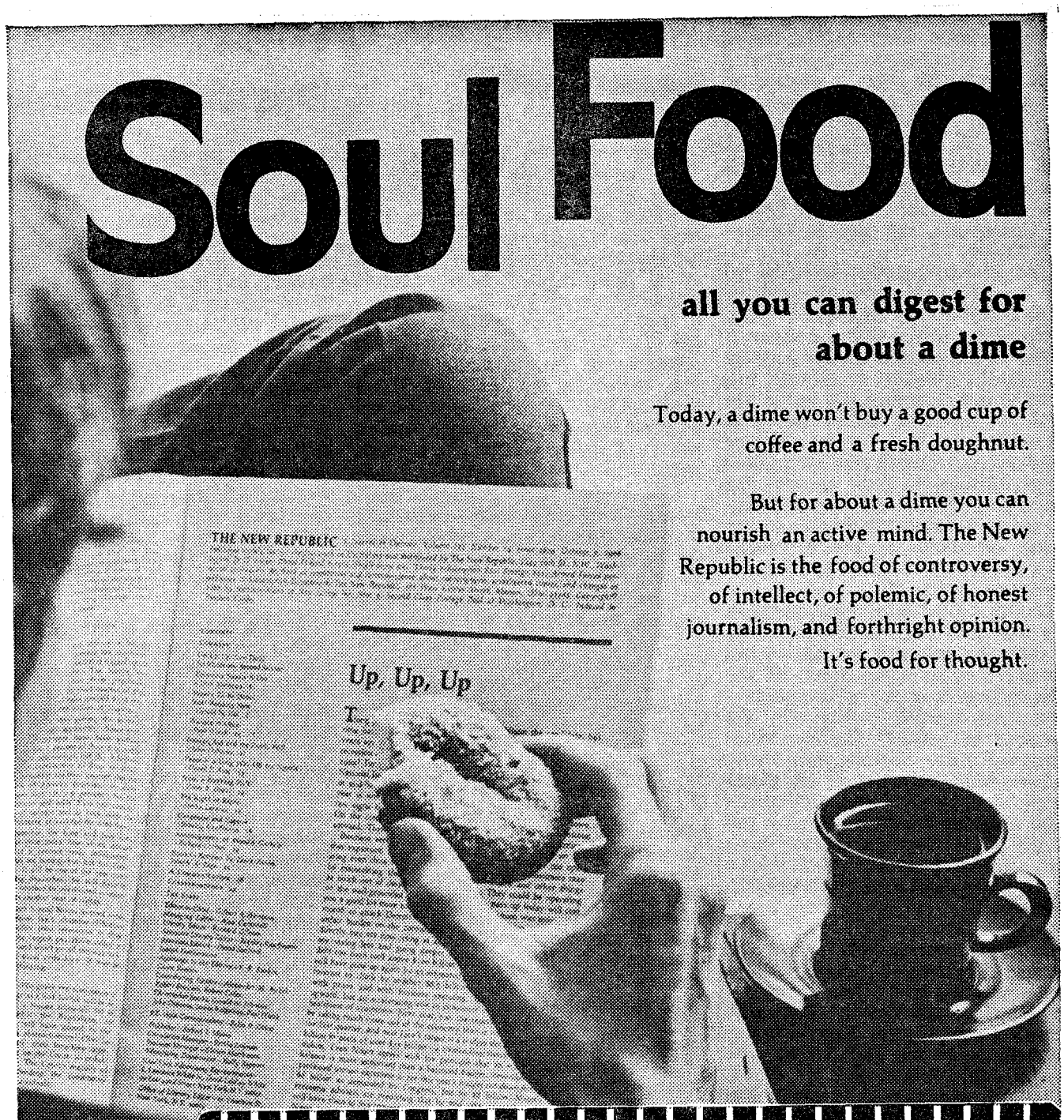


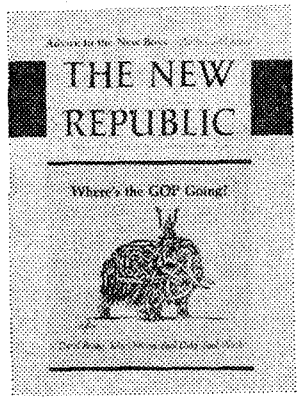


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sic, of whatever persuasion. Among three guest conductors from England, Poland and Italy, only Stanislaw Skrowaczewski made the slightest effort to promote his living compatriots, and this effort was limited to Lutoslawski's primitively schematic *Funeral Music* of ten years ago. From Colin Davis, we heard no Goehr, no Maxwell Davies, no Bennett—only Elgar; from Carlo Maria Giulini, no Dallapiccola, not even Malipiero—only Casella.

Among these men, Davis was by far the most impressive for his grasp of musical structure and his ability to secure really brilliant playing from the orchestra. A fine Berlioz program showed a special flair for the orchestral weights and balances of that composer, and makes one await his projected Berlioz recordings (especially the much needed *Troyens* and *Benvenuto Cellini*) with great anticipation. Throughout these concerts, the Philharmonic played with unusual lucidity and a fluent responsiveness to the various articulative demands of Beethoven's *Eroica*, Elgar's First, and Stravinsky's Symphony in C.

Giulini, on the other hand, managed to extract no such flexibility; the strings, in particular, produced for him an unpleasant toothpaste-tube stream of undifferentiated tone for all occasions—most conspicuously, perhaps, in the *Romanze* of Mozart's D-minor Piano Concerto, where Michelangeli's chaste and controlled statement of the theme was followed by a too loud, portamento-laden distortion thereof, suitable for use by the MGM Heavenly Chorus. However, Giulini's programming of Verdi's extraordinary *Pezzi Sacri* was a welcome benefaction.

Unfortunately, this pattern—or absence of pattern—in programming is exactly what we may expect during the post-Bernstein interregnum, with such occasional exceptions as Rosbaud in the past and Boulez this year. (It must be pointed out, however, that for all his reputation as a prophet of the *avant-garde*, Boulez's announced programs are extremely conservative; every work on the listings is an acknowledged masterpiece, and should long since have been standard fare for Philharmonic audiences.)

I don't know the management's ideas about the next musical director, but I doubt that any inferior imitation of Bernstein's unique combination of talent and charisma will hold the substantial part of the audience more interested in "Who is playing?" than in "What is being played?" Now would seem an appropriate time to go after the audience that is staying away from the Philharmonic because its programs offer so little that is new and stimulating.

# THEATRE and FILMS

## Harold Clurman

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. For instance, there was Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, filmed by Russians as ineptly as if it had been done by Eskimos. The only convincing element was the birches. And people have the temerity to castigate poor Sidney Lumet's screen version of *The Sea Gull* which at least has all Chekhov's lines more or less in their proper order and some excellent acting. The players are all English except for an American girl—Kathleen Widdoes and a rather less appropriate Frenchwoman, Simone Signoret—but still everyone looked like a person rather than a "still" or a stick.

I do not cavil at the Renoir-like background in *The Sea Gull*—authenticity demands a denser and somewhat more somber atmosphere—I am content that Lumet's "Russia" is pretty. And if Vanessa Redgrave looks like a Shakespearean lovely, she is very touching in her final scene as Nina. Kathleen Widdoes' Masha is directed to neck ardently in the bushes with the schoolmaster Medvedenko—which is most unlikely—before he speaks the play's first line, "Why do you always wear black?"; but she suffers well though too overtly through the rest of the play. David Warner's Constantin is so wretchedly disturbed as to belie Chekhov (only American and English poets are so blatantly unhappy). Denholm Elliott's Doctor Dorn is more picturesquely intellectual than he should be and Simone Signoret acts the actress Arkadina as if she were sitting like a pyramid. James Mason's Trigorin is intelligent without being interesting. The best performance is that of Harry Andrewes as Sorin, though he does not appear to be aware of the comedy aspect of his role which is generally true of the direction.

Though the picture thins the play out in its linear progression, and has little of Chekhov's deep delicacy of nuance—after all the play was written for the stage and a change of medium always affects substance—it moved me more than much of the cinematic stuff we ordinarily see.

The British-made *Great Catherine* is a movie out of Bernard Shaw's somewhat heavy-handed skit. Together with some of Shaw's dialogue a hash has been composed of such ingredients as Errol Flynn-Douglas Fairbanks swashbuckling athleticism, slapstick, horse opera, Moiseyev-like ballet, with dancers doing fantastic leaps over the heads of the guests at an orgy in which no dress is ruffled and no wig is messed—all in a setting so palatial as to have cost as much as the Empress must have spent on her St. Petersburg residence.

Zero Mostel, a Gargantuan Potemkin, mugs like a madman, clowns like a colossus, and is sometimes as funny as he is unfettered. Peter O'Toole, as an English officer, camps only a little less than the out-and-out caricature of an English queer who plays a Russian chamberlain. This is not O'Toole's best side. Jeanne Moreau, disastrously miscast as Catherine, speaks—if she has not been dubbed—in several accents, none of them readily identifiable. One is whacked into an occasional guffaw, but considering the exorbitant waste of funds, justice would demand that everyone responsible for this shebang deserves the classic Muscovite knout.

On the stage in the past two weeks, an airy and then a violent allegory have addled our brains. The soufflé specimen is *Celebration* (Ambassador Theatre), with book by Tom Jones and music by Harvey Schmidt. It's about the purity of the young and poor, in conflict with the impotence of the old and fabulously rich. No aspect of this charade converted me to its ethereal propaganda. This leads me to wonder whether my heart has been hardened, because several of my colleagues found delight in the show's benevolent antics. I suggest that the authors are more adept at adaptations—their *Fantasticks* was wrought from a Rostand play and *I Do! I Do!* from Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*—than at "originals."

I mention *Fire!* (already closed) by the pseudonymous John Roc because two things worth notice occurred to me in regard to it. Having ridden into town on columns of rapturous praise from the Boston press (the play was first done at Brandeis University), it could hardly have been prepared for the virulently negative reception it met here. Perhaps one has to attend a series of generally staid college productions to appreciate the welcome shock of so intemperately earnest a piece as *Fire!* Audiences, as I have often remarked, transform plays.

While *Fire!* was certainly not a "good" play, its faults were by no means heinous. An end of the world parable, its environment a veritable Gehenna in which all the figures are impaled on the horns of their disbelief and exacerbated emptiness, the play suffered from the vehemence



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of its sincerity, and even more from the perilous nature of all allegory.

Allegory must fail when it is not rooted in the soil of a genuine folk tradition or faith and when the vocabulary of its presentation is not in itself extremely telling. Successful allegory must contain a true fund of wisdom in a form rendered inescapably fascinating by its eloquence and the grip of its fable.

What John Roc wished to say is that our world is so thoroughly diseased that nothing short of its immolation by a universal holocaust can possibly redeem it. One almost believes in his torment, and he is not without writing talent; but since no specific dramatic structure or concrete incident sustains his "poem," it ends in a thicket of mixed metaphors (both in speech and scenic devices), so that his dialogue too often becomes either pretentious or ludicrous.

*Red, White and Maddox,* called a Thing With Music, by Don Tucker and Jay Broad, must have had a much more resounding impact in Atlanta, where it originated, than it does at Broadway's Cort Theatre. Still, its merit is that it attempts, and to a certain extent achieves, political relevance—something which the "uptown" theatre has eschewed for a long time. Then, too, the show has a grass-roots flavor which saves it, for all its weaknesses, from being meretricious.

Much of it is good fun and, occasionally it thrusts a little harder than one might at first sight believe. The target is not just Maddox as an individual, nor even the Deep South, but the social scene as a whole. The point is clearly made that, while everyone laughed at the ignoramus restaurateur who became Georgia's Governor, "everyone," including those who jeered, voted him into office. Doesn't our history—to mention no other—offer examples of men who were the mockery of nations and who nevertheless were hoisted to power by waves of fear, confusion, pusillanimity, lethargy, cynicism and underground sadomasochism? And isn't it true that such men end by believing themselves gods? While we laugh, we prepare our doom. In this respect, *Red, White and Maddox,* frail though it be, is both record and warning.

Its cast is generally young, its chorus—there are virtually no distinct voices—muffles most of the lyrics. One tune, *Jubilee Joe,* with its faintly melancholy irony, haunts by repetition. There is insufficient professionalism or sweep to make the show appear conclusive. Particularly in the latter half of the evening, a disappointing limpness sets in. The "Thing" stands in constant danger of falling between the stools of sharp satire (with a peculiar note of sadness at its center) and being just an amiable juvenile romp.

Special commendation, however, is due Jay Garner whose Maddox is a fatuously smiling bald-headed boy in Bermuda shorts and bobby socks; his voice is piping, his mouth always ajar—tongue pointed as if anticipating a lick of ice cream or ready to incur a deadly sting—while his eyes twinkle with shrewd malice which might easily be mistaken for good-humored idiocy.

During the time I labored through these many film and stage events I longed to return to the exquisite elation of the City Center Ballet with such delicious deities as Allegra Kent, Suzanne Farrell, Violette Verdy and their various partners, as well as to the sweetness of the Harkness Ballet. And Merce Cunningham, in an electrifying moment, struggles desperately to extricate himself from a plastic bag, and imparts in one stroke a sense of modern horror which so many others in our midst fail to dramatize in a plethora of words.

# ART

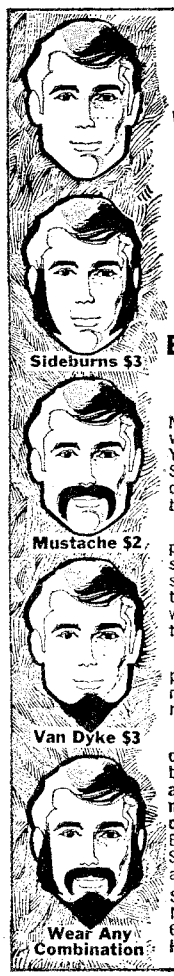
## LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Peggy Guggenheim, reminiscing about her New York gallery in the catalogue of her collection, now on view at the Guggenheim Museum, recalls: "Pollock became the star of the gallery, and for five years I supported him." She records, too: "I gave away about twenty Pollocks to museums and friends"—which left her with eleven. In her Palazzo Venier dei Leoni in Venice, they are crammed into a small lower gallery, but in her uncle's museum they are given place of honor in the High Gallery, the tall *flat* room off the first ramp. Here the eleven paintings are clearly lit, visible as they never were when hung in Venice. Several are in a deteriorated condition, but are scheduled for restoration by Orrin Riley, the museum's conservator.

The paintings were acquired by Peggy Guggenheim from the four one-man shows she gave Pollock at Art of This Century, as she called the gallery, in 1943 and 1945-47. The latest works, two drip paintings, are from an exhibition at Betty Parsons Gallery in 1948, while Pollock was still under contract to Peggy who had left the United States for Europe. The group of works, though smaller than it might have been if she had had *more* confidence in Pollock's work, represents admirably a decisive period in American art, the years when New York artists prepared for the work that gave them international domination.

These works by Pollock from 1942 to 1946 are nourished on two of the main themes of New York art in the forties, which might be summed up, rather cursorily, as Cubism and Iconography. The Cubist influence can be seen not only in the containment of paint within certain formal perimeters but in specific references. In "Moon Woman" (originally "The Moon-Woman"), for instance, the earliest work on show, the head includes a bland profile taken from Picasso's lunar heads of Marie Thérèse. Iconography as used here refers to both mythology as general knowledge and to the notion of art as self-discovery. Pollock said as late as 1956, "When you're painting out of your unconscious, figures are bound to emerge." This statement, from near the end of his life, embraces the work of the early forties, as well as the abstract paintings. The early work of Pollock can readily be seen in close relation with the later drip paintings.

Pollock's confidence that he was painting from his unconscious and that its forms would naturally be figures, is not something that we can easily share now. The fact is, Pollock's totems, *person-*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*nages*, ritual scenes and animals are less revelatory of the psyche, less the natural form of self-expression, than a learned iconography which is understood to denote deep states. His experience in analysis was alone sufficient to train him in the romantic iconography of nightmare, quite apart from the wholesale myth-raking of American and European intellectuals in the thirties and through the war years. Mythic typologies flourished during the war, when Pollock painted these works.

The luxuriance of Pollock's bestiary and his cast of *personnages* prove his belief in the connection of individual psyche and mythological pattern. There is other evidence, too, that Pollock was aware of the usefulness to his art of a set of permissive symbols. In an untitled *gouache* of 1946, now at the Guggenheim Museum, a whirl of bright colors is inhabited by the zigzag outlines of stick figures derived from cave painting. Other drawings of the mid-forties, not in the exhibition, also show microcosmic groups and crowds. Though not especially good, these drawings bring into the open Pollock's conscious interest in visual sign systems and in ideographs. Thus a painting like "Eyes in the Heat," 1946, in which loops of paint make a serial structure of forms resembling sockets and eyes, comes out of a definite attempt to invest painterly improvisation with human content.

"Moon Woman" is linked to two sister pictures in other collections, "The Mad Moon-Woman" and "The Moon-Woman Cuts the Circle" (the recurrence evokes iconographic volumes). Though the central figure is derived from a fairly neat and formal source (Picasso), it is painted in a new way, at once very rough and very elaborate. The paint is clotted, dragged, dabbed, scored, worried; Pollock's handling is heavy (with much sense of the brush's pressure on the canvas), but every touch is countered by another dab of paint on top of it, or justified by an echoing color elsewhere in the picture. It is as if a lot of overstatements, by colliding with and qualifying one another, became a complex statement. The picture, though brute, is internally complex in its oppositions. Toughness becomes the vehicle, not of simplicity but of intricate tensions.

The mythographic imagery of Pollock reaches a maximum point of vehemence in "Circumcision," painted in January, 1946. The turbulent and obscure activity is held on a grid which braces the whole picture, like a trellis beneath unshorn flowers, a mass of blacks greens yellows pinks and whites. In his last show at Art of This Century, 1947, Pollock grouped his paintings in two series: "Sounds in the Grass" and "Accabonac Creek." One of the latter series, which continues mythic Cubism to some extent, belongs to Peggy Guggenheim: "Bird Effort" (1946). It is a remarkable painting in which the smeared Cubism of "Circumcision" has been turned into a subtle interplay of color and line across the flat surface. White canvas intercedes continually between black contours and scabby color patches, so that line and color seem to be pried apart.

Two of the "Sounds in the Grass" series belong to Peggy Guggenheim and both are further developments of the allover emphases of "Bird Effort." In the painting called here "Sounds in the Grass," a structure of white lines is laid over a scratched and bristly paint bed of darkish yellows greens reds blues and purple. The white loses its linearity and frays, expanding, into the colored ground. The density of paint is constant and ceases just within the edges of the picture, a device which has the effect of making the picture edge subservient to the display of paint. The edges do not break or interrupt any images or shapes. The canvas is only slightly larger than the area of the paint field it carries, a principle of organization which replaces internal subdivisions by a holistic definition of area, a kind of space developed superbly in later drip paintings. In both this painting and "Eyes in the Heat" there is, too, what we might call the pulverizing of mythic imagery but not its abandonment. The iconography is present in these later works, not as figures but as atmosphere, as rhythm; it is as if somebody had demolished a pagan idol in the room and its dust had settled on everything. Hence, a pulverized but not absent mythology, with meanings—tidal, seasonal, labyrinthine—evoked by rhythm.

The catalogue entry for the painting "Two" notes: "This picture is usually dated 1945, but Peggy Guggenheim states she is practically certain that it was done in 1943." If it was painted at the later date it must have been early in the year, as it was shown at Art of This Century in March, 1945. In fact, the image of tall totemic forms, partly modeled in volume, partly held flat by large planes of color, is close to other paintings of 1943, and even of 1942, so the earlier date seems likely. The planar flatness is a prolongation of Cubism, but cracking like an old sidewalk split by new grass. Pollock's nervous, harsh, repetitive, unsparing touch gives the emergent figures their own lush life. Pollock's iconography has an imperious presence as painting which reduces most of its Surrealist rivals to surreptitious lechery; a Pollock *personnage* is Cortez say, to Max Ernst's Crippen.



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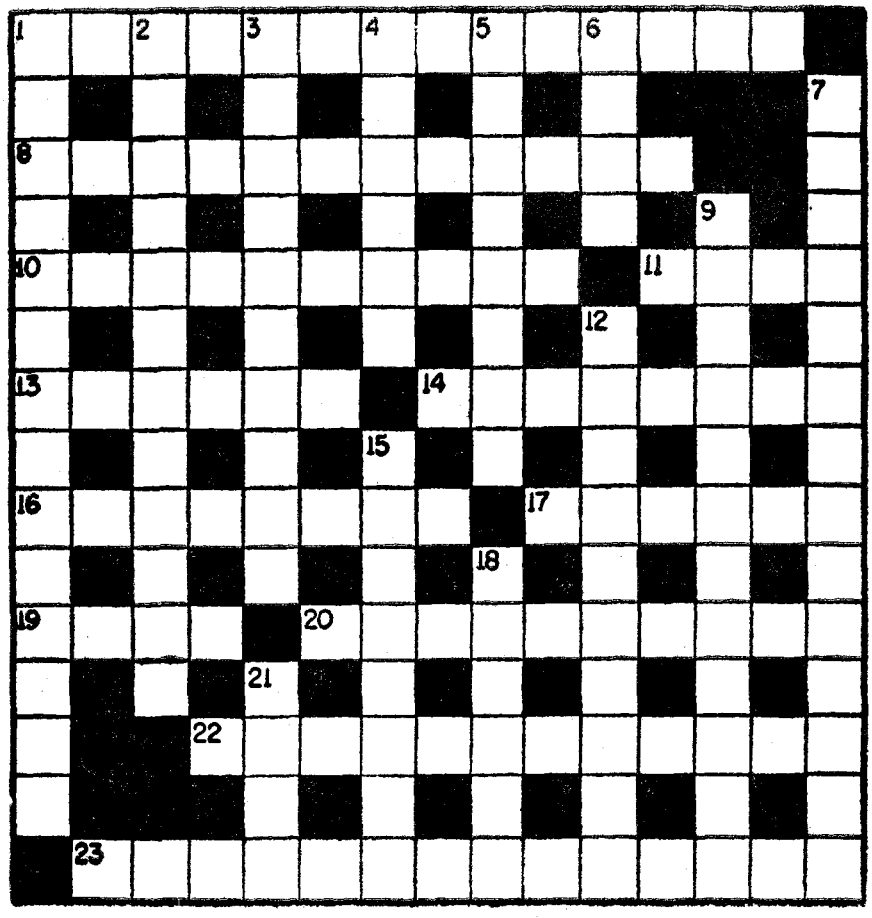
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1285

## FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Error is best not tampered with—though the results show the strain of New England breeding. (6,8)
8 In order to be such a person, possibly? (12)
10 Used for dragging large economy size logs? No danger! (4,6)
11 Hamlet questioned flying to those we know not of. (4)
13 One of those classic Japanese productions that makes for Jack's lack of polish? (2,4)
14 Begins to look like what they did in the Garden! (6,2)
16 Does something through typical documents. (8)
17 One of the things Mesopotamia relates to. (6)
19 The first person to defraud an image? (4)
20 Strangely enough, some people mix it up with a soft drink. (4,6)
22 Grammatically general in some titles, for example. (It also suggests what a horse might have.) (12)
23 The rest of the board of trade might be acting in opposition. (14)

DOWN

1 It might bother stenographers and draftsmen, but they shouldn't reach them because of it. (8,6)
2 Eve, this should be you! (6,6)
3 Where a man pressed for time puts powder at five? (The star might, by comparison.) (10)
4 Threefold point in the test? (6)
5 Was one of his titled subjects leaner, when blessed. (8)
6 Was the hibiscus partly venerated by the Egyptians? (4)
7 Dying under peculiar circumstances, as Othello might have said? (7,7)
9 The bourgeoisie go to an island as an annual event. (Bachelors might make up a good part of the crowd!) (5,7)
12 Triple-I flat car made up, but not for real! (10)
15 What they did to the Concord farmers? (8)
18 Notices the eye here? It's a way to gather in a condensed layer. (6)
21 False form of 19 that might be real for the Spanish. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1284

ACROSS: 1 Sports reporter; 9 Life net; 10 Steamer; 12 Stressed; 14 Trireme; 17 Yolks; 19 Oracles; 21 Edgewise; 23 Spider; 25 Enticed; 26 Uttered; 27 Cross reference. DOWN: 1 and 15 across Salisbury steak; 2 Off-beat; 3 Tanneries; 4 Ruth; 5 Pass the hat; 6 Reeve; 7 En masse; 8 Bred; 13 Reconsider; 15 Saltpeter; 16 Kittredge; 18 Lighter; 20 Sadiron; 21 and 11 Even-steven; 22 Wicks; 24 Buff.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